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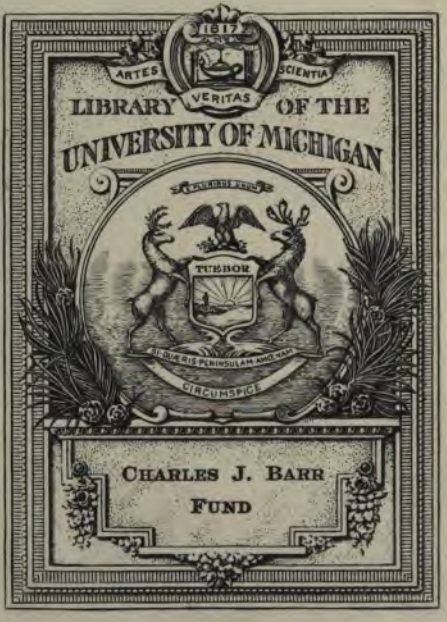
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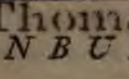
THE EVER GREEN,

BEING A COLLECTION OF SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

VOL. II.

uha dar presume thir Poetis to impurg,
uhais Sentence sweit throw ALBION *bin sung.*
Sr. D. LINDSAY.



THOMAS SHEEN.

Thomas Sheen
EDINBURGH:
rinted for ALEXANDER DONALDSON,
at Pope's Head. MDCCLXI.

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A New Yeir Gift

To Queen MARY, when she came first Hame, 1562.

I

WELCUM, illustrat Lady, and our Queen
Welcum our Lyone with the *Floure-de-Lyce;*
Welcum our Thistle with the *Lorane* Grene.
Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,
Welcum our Jem and joyfull Gentryce;
Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;
Welcum our plesand Princes maist of Pryce,
Gon give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

II.

THis Gude New Zier we hope with Grace of God
Sall be of Peace, Tranquillity and Reſt;
This Zeir ſall Richt and Reaſon rule the Rod,
Quhilk ſae lang Seaſon has bene ſair ſupreſt;
This Zeir firm Faith ſall freily be confeſt,
And all eromous Queſtions put arreir
To labour that this Lyfe amang us left.
GOD give zou Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

III.

HEIRFORE addreſs thee duely to decore,
And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence;
Begin at GOD to gar ſet forth his Glore,
And of his Goſpel get Experience;
Cauſe his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
So ſall thy Name and Fame ſpreid far and neir,
Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IV.

FOUND on the firſt four Vertues cardinall,
On Wiſdom, Juſtice, Force and Temperance,
Apland to prudent folk, and principall
Of vertuous Lyfe, thy Worſhip to advance:

Wey Juſtice equal without Diſcrepance,
Strengthen thy State, with Stedfaſtneſs to ſteir,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance.
God give thee Grace againſ this gude new Zeir.

V.

Cast thy Conſate by Council of the Sage,
And cleave to Chryſt has kept thee weil in Cure
Atttinget now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preſervand thee from all Miſaventure.
Wald thou be ſerved and thy Countrie ſure
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,
Preſs ay to be protectrix of the Pure,
Sic God ſall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

Gar ſtanche all Stryfe, and ſtable thy Eſtates,
In Conſtance, Concord, Charity and Luve;
Be buſſy now to baniſh all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and tempral Men dois mure,
The pulling down of Policy repruve,
And let perverſed Prelates live perquier,
To do the beſt beſeikand God abuve,
To *give thee Grace againſ* this gude new Zeir.

VII.

At Croſs gar cry be opin Proclamation,
Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor ſcho
Of haly Writ have ony Diſputation,
But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;
For Lymmer Lads and little Laſſes lo,
Will argue baith with biſhop, Preiſt and Freir:
To danton this thou has enouch to do,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.

But wyte the wickit Paſtors wald not mend
Their vicious, Living all the Warld preſcryve
They tuke nae tent their Traik ſould turn till end
They were ſae proud of their Prerogatyves,
For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
Nor zit live chaſt but chop and change their Cheir;
Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

They brocht thair Baſtards with thee Skruf they ſkra
To blande their Blude with Barons by Ambitio
They purcheſt pithleſs Pardons frae the Paip,
To cauſe fond Fuils conſyde he has fruition,

As GOD to give for ſins a full Remiſſion
And Sauls to ſaif from ſuffering Sorrow ſeir:
To ſet aſyde ſic Sort of Superſtition,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

X.

THEY Beniſice and Pention tint that marriet;
On *Frydays* quha eit Fleſh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae miſs quhat Maydens they miſcarriet,
On Faſting Days they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae thir Lord belangt,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has ſae mony mangt,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

XI.

THEY lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they mein:
They bad them beck and binge to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kiſs ſyne ſaif their Kin,
Pilgrims and Palmers paſt with them between,
Sanct *Blais*, Sanct *Boit*, blate Bodies Ene to bleir,
Now to forbid this grit Abuſe hes bene,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir,

XII.

They tyart God with Trifles tume and Trantale,
And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,
With owklie Abits to augment their Rentals,
Mantand, Mort, Mumbeling, mixt with mony Lies,
Sic Sanctitude was Sathan's Sorceries,
Chryſts ſilly Sheip and ſobir Flock to ſmeir,
To ceiſe all ſindrie Sects of Hereſicis,
God give thee Grace againis this Good new Zeir.

XIII.

With Meſs and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
To judge them juſtly paſſes my Ingyne,
They gyde not ill that governs weil themſell,
And honeſtly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
Doubts to diſcus, for Doctors are Divyne,
Cunning in Clergy to declair them cleir:
To order this the Office now is thyne,
God give the Grace againis this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
So does the Faithful of God's Word tak Fru
As Waſps receive frae aff the ſame but ſour,
See Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute,

Words without Warks availeth not a Cute,
To ſeis thy Subjects ſae in Luve and Feir,
That Richt and Reaſon in thy Realm my rute,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XV.

The Epiſtles and Evangells now are Preicht,
Bot Sopheſtrie or Ceremonys vain;
Thy People, maiſt Part, truely now are teicht
To put away Idolatrie prophane,
But in ſum Hearts is graven new again,
An Image callit curſd Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol ſtands up plain,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

For Sum are ſene at Sermons ſum ſa haly,
Sing and Sanct *Davids* Pſalter on their Buiks
And are but Bibliſts fairſing full their Belly.
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and reivand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Waſps againſt God's Word mak Weir;
Now ſic Chriſtians to kiſs with Chanters Kuiks
God *give thee Grace* agains this gude new Zeir.

XVII.

DEWTIE and Detts are driven by Doubleneſs,
And Folks are ſlemit frae zung Faith Profeſſors
The greateſt ay the greidyar I geſs,
To plant quhere Preiſts and Parſons were Poſſeſſ
Teinds are uptane by Teſtament Tranſgreſſors,
Credence is paſt of Promiſe thocht they ſweir,
To puniſh Palmers, and reproach Oppreſſors,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

PUIR Folk are famiſt with their Faſhions new,
They fail for Falt that had before at ſouth,
Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,
That they ar hurt and herriet North and South
The Heidſmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mou
But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,
To quench thir quent Calamities ſo cowth,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir,

XIX.

PROTESTANDS tak the Friers auld Antetewme,
Ready Reſavers, but to render nocht,
So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,
And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht

Be they unpaid, thy Purſevants are ſocht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To viſſy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gud new Zeir.

XX.

PAUL bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocraſie hes bene committit;
But Kirk-mens curſed Subſtance aft ſeims ſweit,
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit.
Gif thou perſave ſum Senzior it has ſmittit,
Soliſt them ſaftly not to perſeveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hieneſs wit it,
But graciouſly forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVENES grant with Gladeneſs and Gude will.
Gratis to all into zour Parliament,
Syne ſtabliſh Statutes, ſtedfaſt to ſtand ſtill,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls and Lords in conſequent,
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,
That they may ſerve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

XXII.

SEN ſae thou ſits in Seat ſuperlative,
Cauſe every State to their Vocation go,
Scholaſtic Men the Scriptures to diſcryve,
And Majeſtcates to uſe their Sword alſo,
Merchands to trade and traſick to and fro,
Mechanicks Work, Huſbands to ſaw and Sheir,
So ſall be Wealth and Weilfare without Woe,
Be Grace of God agains this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

LET all thy Realme be now in Readyneſs,
With coſtly cleathing to decore thy Corſe,
Zung Gentlemen for dauncing them addreſs,
With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conſors,
Frak feirce Gallands the Field Games to enforſs,
Enarmed Knychts at Liſts with Shield and Speir,
To feicht in Barrows baith on Fute and horſs,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV.

This Zeir ſall be Embaſſies heir belyve,
For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
This Zeir within this Region ſall aryſe
Rowts of the Rankeſt that in *Europe* rings;
This Zeir baith Blythneſs and Aboundance brings,
Navies of Schips outhrow the Sea to ſneir,
With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zier.

XXV.

Gif Saws be ſuthe to ſchaw thy Celſitude,
Quhat Bairn ſould bruke all *Britain* be the Sie,
The Propheeie expreſly dois conclude,
The *French* Wyfe of the Bruceis Blude ſould be,
Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir,
Sae by Deſcent the fame ſould ſpring of thee,
By Grace of God agane this gude new Zeir.

Gif Saws be ſuthe, By this Verſe it appears that the Prophecy of *JAMES* the VI. ſucceeding to the Crown of *England*, and being the firſt King of *Great Britain*, was not as ſome would alledge, made after his Acceſſion; this Poem being wrote in 1562, ſome Years before his Birth.

XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryſt caſt thy comfort,
And cheriſh them that thou has under Charge,
Supone maiſt ſure he ſall ſend thee ſupport,
And len the luſty Liberos at large,
Believe that Lord can Harbary ſo thy Bairge,
To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,
And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
Victoriouſly again this gude new Zeir.

L' Envoy.

XXVII.

PRUDENT, maiſt gent, tak tent, and prent the Words
Intill this Bill, with Will, them ſtill, to face,
Quhilk ar, not ſkar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
But ſeal, bot ſeal, may heal, avael thy Grace,
Sen lo, thou ſhow, this to, now do, has Place,
Receive and ſaif, and haif, ingrave it heir,
This now, for Prow, that you, ſweit Dow, may brac
Lang Space, with Grace, ſolace and Peace this Zeir.

L E C T O R I.

XXVIII.

FRESCH, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant, Flower, formo
Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
Cherry, maiſt chaſt, cheif Carbuncle and Choiſe,
Sweit ſmyling Sovraign ſhining bot a Spot,

leſt, beautyful, beoygn, and beſt begot,
this Indyte pleaſe to inclyn thine Eir,
ent by thy ſimple Servant *Sanders Scot*,
iting great GOD to grant thy Grace gude Zeir

Quod ALEXR. SCOT.

To his HEART.

I.

RETURN Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
hou art a Fule to ſuffer pain,
For Luve of her that luves not thee;
My Heart let be ſic Fanteſie,
uve nane but quhair thou has gud Cauſe,
An let her ſeik a Heart for thee,
or Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho ſaws,

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, ſome of older Date having come to Hand after others, ſome hundred Years later have been printed beſides moſt of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as uſeleſs as it would have proven difficult.

II.

To quhat Effect ſould thou be thrall,
But thank ſen thou has thy free Will;
My Heart be nocht ſae beſtial,
But knaw quha dois thee Gude or Ill;
At Hame with me then tarry ſtill,
And ſe then quha playis beſt their Pawis,
And let the Fillock fling her fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

III.

Thocht ſcho be fair I will not fenzie,
Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
That ſeimeth gude and are not ſae:
My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
For *Meg*, for *Marjory* or *Mawis*;
But be thou glad, and let her gae,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

IV.

Remember how that *Medea*
Wyld for a Sicht of *Jaſon* zeid,
Remember how that *Greſſida*,
Left Troilus for *Diomede*.

Remember *Helen*, as we reid,
Brocht *Troy* from bliſs unto bare Waws,
Then let her gae quhair ſcho may ſpeid,
For Feynd a crumb of thee ſcho ſaws.

V.

Becauſe I find ſcho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care;
But all beguyld, go quhair ſcho will,
A ſchrew the Heart that mane makes mair;
My Heart be mirry late and air.
This is the final End and Clawſe.
And let her ſeid and fulzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho ſaws.

VI.

Neir dunt again within my Breiſt,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage ſpill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit ſcho ſnieſt,
Schois faireſt payd that gets her Will;
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,
Quhen ſcho glaiks pauchty in hir Braws,
Now let hir ſnirt, and fyk hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho ſaws.

A Braſh of WOUING.

I.

IN ſecret Place this hinder Nicht,
I heard a Bairn ſay till a Bricht,
My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
I haif been lang zour Luivar Leil,
And can of zou get Comfort nane,
How lang will ze with Danger deil?
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

His bony Baird was kemd and cropit,
But all with Kail it was bedropit,
Comich he was fuliſh and goukit,
He clapit faſt, he kiſt, he chukit,
As with the Glaicks he were oergane,
Zit be his Feirs he wald have——
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

III.

Quod he, my Heart, sweit as the Hinny,
Ien that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve sae fou
That as a Ghaist I glowr and grane,
I trymle sae ze wadna trow.
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

Tehei, quod scho, and gae a Gawf,
Ie still my Cowsyne and my Cawf,
My new spaind Howphyn frae the Souk,
And all the Blythness of my Bouk,
My swanky sweet, saif thee alane,
Nae Leid have I luvid all this Owk,
Yow leis me on that graceles gane.

V.

Quod he my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnysopps, my sweit Possody,
Ie not owre bowstrous to your Billy,
Ie warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Bane,
Gars riſe on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VI.

Quod ſcho, my Clip, my unſpaynd Lam,
With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawſy,
My Honneyguks, my Sillęr Tawſy,
Zour Pleins wad perſs a Heart of Stane;
Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawſy,
Fou leis me on zour graceleſs gane.

VII.

Quod he my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
My bony Bab with the ruch Brilzeane,
My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
Quhen that our Mouths do meit at ane,
My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
Ze brek my Heart my bony ane.

VIII.

Quod ſcho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirry and my maikleſs Mynzion,
My Sucker ſweit as ony Unzeon,
My Strummil Stirk zit new to ſpane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
Fou leis me on that graceles gane.

IX.

Hs gaif till hir ane Aple ruby,
Gramerce, quod ſcho, my kind Cowhubby,
Syne thay twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.
Quhile baith their fancies mate in ane,
O vow! quoth ſhe quhair will ye Man,
Leil leis me on that graceles gane.

THE
GOLDIN TERGE.

I.

RICHT as the ſtern of Day began to ſchy
Quhen gone to Bed was *Veſper* and *Lucyn*
I raiſe, and by a Roſeir did me reſt;
Upſprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Chriſtalyne,
Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair neſt,
Or *Phœbus* was in purpure kaip reveſt;
Up ſprang the Lark the Hevenis Minſtral ſyne,
In *May* intill a Morrow Mirthfulleſt.

The finding this Poem amongſt the old Manuſcrip gives a great Pleaſure, it being particularly quotted by *David Lindſay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of t *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he ſays,

Or of Dunbar *quha Language had at large,*
As may be ſene into his Golden Terge

II.

Full Angelyk thir Birdis ſang thair Hours,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bours,
Apperellit quhyte and reid with Blumys ſweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all collours,
The Perlit Dropis ſchuke in ſilver Schours,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Fliet
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir criſtal Teirs I ſaw hing on the Flours,
Quhilk he for Luſe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

For Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hopps,
The Birds ſang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clerks;
The Roſſes reid, now ſpreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby ſparks,
The Skyis rang with Scouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre ſkailit in Silver Slopps,
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Levis and Barks.

IV.

Doun throwch the Ryſs an River ran quhois Streims
So luitely upon the lykand Leins,
That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk ſchadowit all about with twynkland Gleims,
The Bewis bathit were in ſecond Beims,
Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Viſage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raiſe on hicht:
The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beims,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in froſty Nicht.

V.

The Criſtal Air the Saphier Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,
Keſt Berial Gleims on emerant Bewis grene,
The Roſy Garth depaynt and redolent,
With Purpore, Aſure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilie that joy was for to ſene,
The Roche againſt the River reſplendant,
As low illuminate the Levis ſcene.

VI.

QUHAT throw the mirry fowls ſaft harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers ſound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I ſlepit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſune into my dreimand Fantiſy,
I ſaw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on ſail as bloſome on the Spray,
With maſt of Gold bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full luſtely,
With ſwifteſt Motion throu a Chryſtal Bay.

VII.

AND hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Riſpies and the Reids,
Aryvit ſcho quheir frae anon thair lands,
Ane hundreth Ladies luſtie intill Weids,
Als freſh as Flours that in the *May* upſpreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair ſhynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Treſis cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyt, and Middills ſmall as Wands,

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the Flours with all the Lillis quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maiſt perfyte
Nor zet thou *Tallus*, quhais Oratiouns ſweit,
In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There ſaw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
Aurora freſh, and Lady *Flora* ſcene,
Juno, *Latona*, and *Proſperpina*,
Diana the Goddeſs of Cheſt and Wods grene,
My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
Thetis ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair ſaynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir michty Quenis, with Crownis might be ſene,
With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

THAIR ſaw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix *April* and *June* her Siſters ſchene,
Within the Garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls reſaif Gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tender in hir Ziers Grene;
Thair ſaw I Nature give till her a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

FULL luſtiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Entereit into this Park of maiſt Pleſeir.
Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methocht in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nuriſing they thank.

XII

Syne to Dame *Flora*, on the ſamyne Ways,
They ſaluſt and they thank a thouſand Syis,
And to ſweit *Venus* neiſt, Luvis bony Q
They ſang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,
With amorous Nottis maiſt luſty to devyis,
As that they had Luve in thair Heartis gr
Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the
With Warbills ſweit they perſt the Hevinly S
Quhyle loud reſount the Firmament ſeren

XIII.

Ane uther Court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
Cupid the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
And dreidful Arrows groundin ſherp and
Thair ſaw I *Mars* the God armipotent
Awful and ſtern, braid, ſtrong and corpulent.
Thair ſaw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air.
Thair was *Mercurius*, wyſe and eloquent
Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris ſae fair.

XIV.

r was the God of Gardens *Priapus*,
was the God of Wildernes *Phanus*,
d *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
r was the God of Oceans *Neptunus*:
r was the God of Winds bauld *Eolus*,
ith variand Blasts lyke to an Lord unstable,
hair was blyth *Bachus* glader of the Table;
r *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
Cloke of Grene, his Court was Clade in Sable.

XV.

every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
harp and Lute full mirreyly they playt,
nd Ballats sang with michty Notes cleir:
ys to daunce full sobirly assyit,
ang the trotting River so they mayit;
hair observance richt hevinly was to beir;
hen crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
air that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
ll throw a Luke that I haif coft full deir.

XVI.

And ſchortly for to ſpeik, by Luves fair *Quene*
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areiſt; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
With Bowis big, in traſſit Hairs ſchene,
Richt ſuddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit:
The Party was ſae pleſand to be ſene,
A Wondir luſty Bikar me aſſayit.

XVII.

And firſt of all with bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as ſcho wald me ſchent,
Syne followit all her Damoſells in Feir
With mony divers awfull Inſtrument,
Into the preiſs fair *Having* with hir went,
Syne *Portrator*, *Pleaſance* and luſty *Cheir*,
Then *Reſoun* came with SCHIELD of GOLD ſocle
In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII.

lir *Zouth* came with hir Virgins zing,
ocence and *ſchameful Abaſing*,
aking *Dreid*, with Humbyl *Obedience*,
DIN TERGE it armit them naithing,
i them was nocht begun to ſpring;
e they dreid to do a Violence:
anheid I ſaw come in Preſence,
of Artelzie ſcho did in bring,
rit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlineſs*,
e, *Pacience*, *gude Fame* and *ſtedfaſtneſs*,
ion, *Gentileneſs*, *Conſidderans*,
pany, and honeſt Buſineſs,
Luke, *myld Cheir*, *and Sobirneſs*,
bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
our bure the TERGE with ſic Conſtans,
irp Aſſay micht do me no Deirence,
their Preis and awful Ordinans.

XX.

Unto the Preiſs purſewit *Hie Degrie*,
Hir followit ay *Eſtait* and *Dignitee*,
Compariſon Honour and *nobill Array*,
Will, *Wantoneſs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
Riches and *Fredome* and *Nobility*:
Wit ze they did thair Banner hie Diſplay.
A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-ſchot lowſit the
And ſchot till waſtit was thair Arrelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

Quhen *Venus* had perſavit this Rebute,
Scho bad *Diſſemblance* gae mak a Perſute
With all her Power to preſs the Goldin Te
And ſcho that was of Doubleneſs the Rute,
Aſkit hir Choiſs of Archers in Refute:
Venus the beſt bad hir to walc at lerge;
Scho tuke *Preſence* plicht Anker of the Berg
And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can ſcute,
And *Cherriſſing* for to compleit hir Charge,

XXII.

Dame *Hamelineſs* ſcho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and beynd in Archery,
And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,
With all the Choiſe of *Venus* Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaiſitly:
The Showtis of Arrows roppit on lyke Rain,
Perrelus *Preſence* that mony a Syre has ſlain;
The Battil brocht on Bordour hard me by,
The Aſſalt was all the ſairer Suth to ſane.

XXIII.

Thick was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,
But *Reſſoun* with the Goldin Schield ſae ſchene,
Weirly deffendit quhoſeir aſſayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did ſuſtene,
Till *Preſence* keſt Powdir in his Ene,
And then as drunken Man he all forwayit,
Quhene he wes blind, the Fule with him they playit,
And banniſt him amang the Bewis Grene;
That Sicht ſae ſair me ſuddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Priſoneir,
To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,
Methocht ſcho ſeimit luſtyer of Cheir,
Aſtir that *Reſſoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindir, *Reſſoun?* quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy ſeim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was biſſy me to aſſyle,
And *Fair Calling* did aft upon me ſmyle,
And *Cheriſſing* me fed with Words fair,
Acquentance new embraſit me a quhyle,
And favourt me till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I ſaw her nevir mair;
Then ſaw I *Denger* towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir Preſence be nae Wyle,
On Syde ſcho lukit with a fremit Fare.

XXVI.

And at the laſt deperting couth hir Dreſs,
And me deleverit unto *Havyneſs*
For to remane, and ſcho in Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with fell Wodneſs,
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew I geſs,
That with the Blaſt the Aiks in foreſt ſchuke,
And ſuddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, there was but wilderneſs,
Thair was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke

XXVII.

A twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,
And ſwift up Sail unto the Tap they ſtent,
And with ſwift Courſe outowre the Flude they Frak;
They tyrit their Guns with Powder violent,
Till that the Reik raiſe to the Firmament,
The Rochis all reſoundit with the Rak,
For Reid it ſemit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upon my Feit I ſprent
Amangs the Clewis, ſae cairfull was the Crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake of this Swowning,
The joyfull Minſtralls mirryly did ſing,
For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims ſchene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, ſaft the Morrowing,
Hailſum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
The Air atemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhyte and reid was all the Eard beſene,
Throw Natures nobill freſch enamling,
In mirthfull *May* of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend * *Chawſer*, Roſe of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
That evir raiſe in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
The freſch enamallit Termes celeſtiall;
This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
Surmounting every Toung terreſtriall,
As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnicht.

* This Panygyrick on *Chawſer*, as 'tis perfectly gen rous and handſome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewiſe ſhe at the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Engliſh* at th e were the ſame.

XXX.

ale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
uggart Toungs and Lipps aureat
e till our Eirs Cauſe of grit Delyte;
Mouths angelick, maiſt mellifluat,
de Language hes cleir illumynat,
l has owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
le, or zour goldin Pens did ſchupe to wryt,
Yle befoir was bair and diſolate
Rethorick, or luſty fair indyte,

XXXI.

litle Quair be evir obedient,
yl ſubject, and ſemple of Intent,
oir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
w quhat thou of Rethorick has ſpent,
maiſt lyſtie Roſes redolent
ane into thy Garland ſet on Hicht;
chame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht;
is thy Weid, bare, deſtitute and rent,
eil aucht thou be affeirit of the Licht.

Lorges, lerges, lorges *ay*,
Lerges *of this new Zeirs Day.*

I.

FIRST *Lerges* of the King my Chief,
Quhilk came as quitely as ane Thief,
And in my Hand ſlaid Schillings twae,
To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

II.

SYNE *Lerges* of my Lord Chancelar,
Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
He ſonziet not, nor ſaid me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

III.

Of *Gallaway* the Biſchop new,
Forth of my Hand ane ballat drew,
And me delivert bot Delay,
A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IV.

of *Croce* the Abbot zing,
iim ane ballat bring ;
or I paſt a Piece him frae,
leſs than Deil a thing,
Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

V.

retar baith war and wyſe,
: a Caſt of his office ;
l for to reid my Bill alſway,
or him that micht ſuffice,
Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

eaſurer and Comptrollair,
l me cum I wait not quhair,
l they wald gar, I wait not quhae,
I wait not quhat, full fair,
Lerges of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

rges of my Lordis all
nporall State and ſpirituall,
ſelf ſall evir ſing and ſay,
em fund ſae liberall
Lerges on this new Zeir Day.

VIII.

FOUL fa this froit that is sae snell,
It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
Baith Hands and Purss it binds up sae,
They may gife naithing bye themsell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

NOW *Lerges* of my Lord *Bothwell*,
The quhilk in Fredome did excell;
He gaif to me a Cursour gray
Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our Quene,
For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,
Scho wald be lerger of Lufray
Than all the laif that I of mene,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day,

Quod STEW.

DUMBARS DREGY;

Made to K. JAMES V. *being in* Stirvling.

WE that are heir in Heavens Glory,
To zou that are in Purgatory,
Commends us on your hearty Ways,
I mean we Folk in Paradyce,
In *Edinburg* with all Mirryneſs,
To zou in *Stirling* in Diſtreſs,
Quhair nowther Pleaſance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittying ane apoſtle wryts.
O ze Hermits and Hankerſaidlis,
That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,
And eit nae Meit reſtorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
But Ale that is baith thin and ſmall,
With but few Courſes in zour Hall,

But Company of Lords or Knychts,
Or ony uther guidly Wichts,
Solitar walkand zour alane,
Seing naething but Stock or Stane
Out of zour painful Purgatory,
To bring you to the Blefs of Glory:
Of *Edinburgh* the mirry Toun
We fall begin a carefull Soun,
Ane Dregy kynd, devout and meik,
The bleft abune we fall beleik
Zou to delyvir out of zour Noy,
And bring zou fune to *Edinburghs* Joy,
Thair to be mirry amang zour Freins,
And fae the Dregy thus begins.

LECTIO I.

THR * * *
The mirthful *Mary*, Virgin chaft,
Of Angels all the Orders nyne,
And all the heavenly Court divyne,
Sune bring ze frae the Pyne and Wae,
Of *Stirvling*, ilka Court mans Fae,

Again to *Edinbrughs* Joy and Blifs,
Quhair Worſchip, Wealth and Weilfare is
Play, Pleaſance, and eik Honeſty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Reſponſio, tu autem Domine.

Tak Conſolation in zour Pain;
In Tribulation, tak Conſolation,
Out of Vexation cum hame again,
Tak Conſolation in zour Pain;

Jube Dom. benedicite.

Out of Diſtreſs of *Stirvling* Toun
To *Edinbrugh* bleſs God mak ze boun.

LECTIO II.

Patriarchs, Prophets and Apoſtles deir,
Virgins, Confeſſouris, Martyris cleir,
And all the Seat celeſtiall,
Devoutely we upon them call,
That ſune out of zour Pains fell,
Ze may in Heavin beir with us dwell,

To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
And Every Fiſch that ſwyms in River,
To drink with us the new freſch Wyne
That grew upon the River *Ryne*,
Freſch fragrant Clarits out of *France*,
Of *Angiers* and of *Orliance*,
With mony Comforts of grit Dainty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

Reſponſum, tu autem Dom.

God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy
Baith ſune and weil, God and Sanct *Jeil*,
To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy,
Out of *Stirvlings* Pains fell,
In *Edinburgh* Joy ſune mot ze dwell.

LECTIO III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
That ar abune the Starns ſeven,
Zou to bring out of zour Pennance,
That ze may ſune ſing, play and daunce

In *Edinburg* heir and mak gude Cheir,
Quher Wealth and Welfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Paine diſcryve
Intend to viſſy zou belyve,
In Deſart not with zou to dwell,
But as the Angel Saint *Grabriell*
Dois go betwein frae Heavens Glory,
To them that ar in Purgatory,
Sum Conſolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And ſchaw them, quhen thair Pains ar paſt,
They ſall cum up to Heaven at laſt;
How nane deſerves to haif Sweitneſs,
That nevir taſtit Bitterneſs;
And therfor hou ſuld ze conſidder
Of *Edinburgs* Bleſs, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze taſtit had befoir
Of *Stirvling* Toun, the Pains ſoir,
And therfore tak in Patience
Zour Pennance and zour Abſtinence,
And ze ſall cum or *Zule* begin
Into the Bleſs that we ar in;

Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.
Reſponſ. tu autem Dom.
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling,*
Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair Fiſch to ſell are nane but Spirrling,
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling.*
ET ne nos inducas in temptationem de Stirvl
Sed libera nos à mallo illius.
Regiam Edinburgi *dona iis, Domine,*
Et lux ipſius luceat iis;
A porta triſtitiæ de Stirvling.
Orna, Domine, animas eorum:
Credo guſtare ſtatim vinum Edinburgi,
In villa Vinentium,
Requieſcant Edinburgi. *Amen.*
DEUS, qui juſtos in corde humiles
Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignati
Libera famulos tuos apud villam Stirling *verſa*
Apœnis & triſtitiis ejuſdem,
Et ad Edinburgi *gaudia eos perducas,*
Ut requieſcat Strivling. *Amen.*

he Flyting of Dunbar *and* Kennedie
ereafter follows, jocund and merrie.

I.

R *John* the *Roſs*, ane Thing ther is compyld
In generall, by *Kennedie* and *Quinting*,
hilk has themſelfs abune the Sterns ſtyld;
But had they made of Menace ony mynting
In ſpecial, then ſic Stryſe ſuld ryſe bot ſtynting:
wbeit with Boiſt thair Boſoms were as bendit
Luciſer, quha frae the Heavens deſcendit;
Hell ſuld not hyd thair Harnis frae Harms bynting,

II.

HE Eard ſuld tremble, Firmament ſuld ſchake,
And all the Air invenomt ſudden ſlink,
d all the Deils in Hell for Redoor quake
To heir quhat I ſuld wryte with Pen and Ink;
For gif I flyt, ſum Sage for Schame ſuld ſink,
he Se ſuld burn, the Mune ſuld tholl Eclips,
oches ſuld ryve, the Warld ſuld hald nae Grips,
Sae loud of Care the common Bell ſuld clink,

III.

But Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
Flyting to use, for gritly I eschame;
Sen it is nowther winning nor Rewaird,
But Tinsell baith of Honour and of Fame,
Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill name;
Zit micht they be sae bauld in thair Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raise the Feynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

Quod Dunbar to Kennedie.

Kennedie *to* Dunbar.

I.

Dirten *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou thy Boist?
Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,
Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall doun at the Roist,
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Mandrag, Mymerkin, maid Maiſter but in Mows,
Thou thryce ſcheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare
Goun.
Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leave thy ryming, Rebald and thy Rows.

II.

Breid, dirtfaſt Dearch, that thou has diſobeyt
My Couſin *Quintine*, and my Commiſſar,
Fantaſtick Fule, truſt weil thou ſall be fleyt,
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandelar:
Wanſuckit Funling, that Nature maid an Yrle,
Baith *John* the *Roſs* and thou ſall ſquell and ſkirle,
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair

III.

Here I put Silence to thie in all Parts
Obey and ceiſe the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig, and Werlot of the Carts,
Se ſune thou mak my Commiſſar Amends,

And let him lay ſax Leiſchis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,
Or thou ſall ban the Tyme that thou was born,
For *Kennedie* to thee this Schedule ſends.
Quod KENNEDIE *unto* DUNBAR,
Judge in the nixt quha gat the war.

Dunbar *to* Kennedie.

I.

ERSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with th
Bratts,
Sunt-bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,
Ill-fart and dryit, as *Denſman* on the Ratts,
Lyk as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt
dynd;
Monſter miſmaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erſe wald make a better Noyis.

II.

VEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
Scart Scorpion, ſcaldit in Scurilitie,
e the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing ſlie,
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may ſe;
yt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
Blaſphemar Baird, in Bryberie ay to be;
iſdom and Wit a Wiſp frae thee may rub.

III.

ASTARD, thou ſpeirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?
Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, thereof haif thou nae Dout;
air eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
Throw *Britain* braid it ſall be blawn about,
u that thou, poyſond Pelour gat thy Paiks
With a Dog-Leiſch, I ſchepe to gar the ſchout,
d nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

OU Crop and Rute of Traytor treaſonable,
Fader and Muder of Morther and Miſchief,
eitfull Tyrand, Serpent tung'd, unſtable,
Cockald, Cradoun, Courd and common Theif;

Thou purpoſd anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In *Paiſlay*, with a Poyſon that was fell,
For quhilk Brybour zit ſall thou tholl a Breif;
Pelor, I ſall it prieve on thee my ſell.

V.

Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phiſnomy
Dois manifeſt thy Malice to all Men;
Fy Traytour Thief, fy Glengore Loun, fy, fy,
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,
My Freynds thou haſt reprovit with thy Pen,
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I ſall on thee preive;
Suppoſe thy Heid were armit Tymis ten,
Thou ſall recryit. or I thy Crown ſall cleive.

VI.

Or thou durſt move thy Mynd malitious,
Thou ſaw the ſail abune my Heid updraw;
But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*.
Mirk and Muneleſs, was met with Wind and Wave
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw
By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coaſt,
In Deſerts, vaſt, quhair we wer famiſt aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to lay thy Boaſt.

VII.

Hou callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps:
Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,
hou art but Glunſchoch with the giltit Hipps,
hat for thy Lounrie mony a leiſch has ſyld;
Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,
ithly and lowſy, lathand as a Leik,
Sen thou of Worſchip wad ſae fain be ſtyld:
ail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.

ORWORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refuſe,
Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to ſtyt?
e Eloquence as they in *Earſty* uſe,
In ſic is ſet thy trawart appityte;
Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,
haiſon me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,
Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perſyte,
han thou can bleber with they *Carrick* Lipps.

IX.

ETTIR thou gains to leid a Dog to ſkomer,
Pynd Pyck-purſe pelour, than with thy Maiſter pingle;
hou ſay richt prydles in the Peis this Sommer,
And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,

Syne rubbd it ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
In Winter now for Purtith thou art trakit,
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks ging
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou ſall gae nakit.

X.

Lean, longer louſy, baith in Liſk and Lunzie,
Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrum
For he that roſted *Lawrance* had thy Gunzie,
And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wim
And he that dang Saint *Auguſtyne* with a Rum
Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,
As thou wald for a Haggies hungrey Gled.

XI.

Comerwald Crawdon, nane compts the a Kerl
Sweir ſwapit, ſwanky Swyne, Kepar ay for ſw
Thy Commiſſar *Quintyne* bids thee cum kis his F
He lykes not ſic a forlane Loun of Laits;
He ſays, thou skaffs and begs mair Bèir and A
No ony Criple in *Carrick* Land about:
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
Carling decript on *Kennedie* cry out.

XII.

Matter enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me leid,
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;
Thinks thou not how thou came into grit Neid,
Greitand in *Gallaway*, lyke *Gallow* Breid,
Lammand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,
I faw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

Ersch Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;
A Thousand Kids were they in Falds full ſtrang,
Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

XIV.

Kitll a Glen thou has, out of Repair,
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Blifs as bair,
Ze lyke twa Stalkers ſteids in Cocks and Hens.

Thou pluks the Poultry, ſcho pulls aff the Pens.
All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drowne;
And quhen thou heirs a Guſe quaik in the Glens,
Sweiter thou thinkſt than Mattins Bell of Sound.

XV.

Thou *Lazarus*, thou laithly leiu Tramort,
To all the Warld thou may Example be,
To luke upon thy gryſlie pitious Port,
For hydious, how and holkit is thine Ee,
Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikent is thy Blie,
Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaſte,
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaiſt.

XVI.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leineſt Craig,
Thy pure pynd Throple peilt, and out of Ply,
Thy ſkoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron bag,
Gars Men diſpyt thair Fleſch, thou Spreit of Gy:
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! O Fy!
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock man on a Ladder;
Thy ghaiſtly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII.

E Nagus, Nipcaik, with thy Schulders narrow?
hou louſy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,
Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
hy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,
hy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harſh and haw
laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
bey, Theif Bard, or I ſall brek thy Gaw,
Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Kneis.

XVIII.

ou ſcowry hippit, ugly Averil,
Vith hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
ſhit and crynd, as hangit Man on Hill,
nd aft beſwakit with an owre hie Tyde,
uhilk brews richt maikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Hows,
uhair thou lyes ſawſly in Saffron back and Syde,
dert with Primroſe, ſwarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

ERLIN Wamworth, I warn thee it is written,
hou ſkyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
n wraigland Waſp, mac Worms thou has beſhitten
han there is Graſs on Ground or Beiſt on Lind;

Tho thou did firſt ſic Folly to me find;
Thou ſall again with Mae Witnes than I,
Thy Gulſcoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
Thy wholtand Hipps let neer thy Hoſe be dry.

XX.

Thou held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown
And an Caprowſy barkit all with Sweit;
And quhen the Lads ſaw thee ſae like a Loun,
They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,
Now upland thou lives riſe on rubit Quhiet,
Aſt for ane Cauſe thy Burdclaith neids nae ſpreddin
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
But like a berdleſs Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

Strait Gibbons Air, that neir owreſtrade a Horſ
Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born
Thou brings the *Carrick* Clay to *Edinburgh* Croſ
Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,
Strae Wiſps hing out quhair that the Wats ar wor
Cum thou again to ſkar us with thy Straes,
We ſall gar ſkale our Schulis all thee to ſkorn,
And ſtane thee up the Cawſy as thou gaes.

XXII.

THE Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis outhraws,
And ay Crys out, *Heir cums our awin quier Clerk*;
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaiſt with Craws,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark.
Then Carlings cry, Keip churches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceleſs gaes:
Anither ſays, I ſe him want a Sark,
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.

THEN rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Louns ther ryſes ſic a Noyſe,
Quhile Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers caſt baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, nad rattling of thy Butes.
Fiſh Wyves cry fy, and caſt down ſkulls and ſkeils,
Sum claſhes thee, ſome clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

LOUN lyke *Mahoun*, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Grief, Miſchief, fall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chaſe and fley,
Owl, rair and zoul, I ſall defoul thy Pryde;

Peild Gled, baith fed, and bred of Bitches
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purſpyke, quhat Man ſets l
Forflitten, Sunt-bitten, beſh——barkit Hy
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I de

XXV.

Mauch Mutton, byle Button, percht Glut
to Hillhouſe;
Rank Beggar, Oyſter-dregar, foul fleggar
Fleit;
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-ſchilling
Mill houſe:
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, falſe T
Feynds Get,
Filling of Tauch, Rak ſauch, Cry crauch
owreſet.
Mutton Dryver, Girnal Ryver, zad Skyvar
thee;
Herityck, Lunatick, Purſpyk, Carlines Pe
Rotten Crok, ditten Dok, cry Gok, or I fall qu

Kennedies *Answer to* Dunbar.

I.

DOTHANE Deils son, and Dragon dispytuous,
Abirams Birth and bred with *Belial*,
Wod Werwouf Worm and Scorpion venemous
Lucifers Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;
Thou *Sodomite* separate frae Saints Celestial;
Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,
Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,
Thou sall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Bestial

II.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,
Of *Cockburns-Peth* the Writ makes me awar,
Generit betwixt a seho Beir and a Deil;
Sae be was calld *Deilber* and not *Dunbar*:
This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.
Corspatrick Earl of *Merch*, and be Illusion,
The first that eir pat *Scotland* in Confusion,
Was that false Traytor firmly say I dare.

III.

QUHEN *BRUCE* and *Baſiol* differs for the Croun,
Scots Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;
This *Corſpatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,
And ſlew Seven thouſans *Scots* within thae Waws
The Battle ſyne of *Spottſmuir* he gart cauſe,
And came with *Edward Lanſhanks* to the Field,
Where Twelve thouſand true *Scottiſh* Men
were killd.
And *Wallace* chaiſt, as the Chronicle ſhaws.

IV.

SCOTS Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Cheſſon
In Firmance, faſt till all the Feild was done,
Within *Dunbar* that auld Spelunk of Treaſon;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;
Then ſpulziet they Haly Stane of *Scone*;
The Croſs of *Halyroodhouſe*, and ſic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This *Corſpatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

WALLACE gart cry an Conſale into *Perth*,
And calld *Corſpatrick* Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in Diſerth,
And ſaid he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,

Out of *Dunbar* that Thief he made exyle,
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again;
Serpents and Taids and Tigers ſall remain,
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tods, Woufs and Beiſts vyle.

VI.

Ane Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treaſon as the Brunſtane ſtinks,
Of *Delbers* Mother caſten in the Se.
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,
Scho eit envenom'd like a Cockatryce,
Syne marryt with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

Zit of new Treaſon I can tell the Tales,
That cums on Nicht by Viſion in my Sleip.
Archbauld Dunbar betrayd the Houſe of *Hales*,
Becauſe the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
Richt crewely his Caſtle purſcuet,
Broucht him forth boundin, and the place reſkewt,
Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII.

It were againſt baith Nature and gude reaſon,
That *Deilbert* Bairn were true to God or
Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Tr
Belzebubbs Oys and curſt *Corſpatricks* Clan.
Thou was preſcryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
Now to be born to do thy Kin Deſame,
And gar me ſhaw thy Anteceſſors Schame,
Thy kin that lives may wary thee and ban

IX.

Sen thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trattlis,
And ſends ſic Sentence foundit of Envy;
Thy Elders Banes ryſe ilka Nicht and rattle;
And on thy Corſs, Vengance, Vengance, they
Thou art the, Cauſe they may not reſt or ly
Thou ſays for them few *Paters*, Salms or
But gars me tell their Rentells and Milde
And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.

Insenswat Sow, ceis fals *Euſtaces* Air,
And knaw, kein ſcald I hald of *Alathia*,
And gar me not the cauſe lang to declair,
Of thy curſt Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;

Cum to the Corſs on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
Confeſs thy Cryme, hald *Kennedie* thy King,
And with a Hawthorn ſcourge they ſell and ding
Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quiſti quia*.

XI.

Pass to my *Commiſſar* and be confeſt,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in will;
And ſyne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe proteſt:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee ſtill
Do thou not this Brigane thou ſall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On *Arthur*-Sate, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

I haif ambulate on *Parnaſo* the Mountain,
Inſpyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifeet with Froſt, and flowand cleir,
And thou haſt cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*:
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars the Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
And blaber Things that wyſe Men hate to heir.

XIII.

THOU luves nae *Eriſh*, Elf, I underſtand,
But it ſuld be all true *Scotiſmens* Beid;
It was the firſt gude Language of this Land,
And SCOTA gart it multiplie and ſpreid,
Till *Corſpatrick* that we of Treaſon reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made *Erſche* and *Erſchmen*
Throu his Treaſon brocht *Inglis* Faſſouns
Sae wald thyſell, micht thou to him ſucceed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts *Denſmen* dryd upon the Rat
Denſmen of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou ſuld have had was caſten in,
Even at thy Erſe backward with an Staw-ſ
Therefore, fals harlot Hure-ſon, hald thy T
Delbier thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Di

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou ſays, that I ſteil Hens and La
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gam
Under my Burde fruſh Banes behind dogs

hy Purſe its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Subſtance is a Widdy teuch,
Saltone Mount, about thy Craig to rax,

XVI.

zit mount *Saltone* Gallows is owre fair,
or to be fleyt with ſic a frontleſs Face;
e hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,
'o eard thee under it, I ſall purchaſe Grace,
'o eit thy Fleſh the Dog ſhall haif nae Space.
Ravens ſall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
For thou ſic Malice of thy Maſter mutes,
weil ſet that thou ſic barret brace.

XVII.

all Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
o ſtanche thy ſkorne with haly Mulds thou loſt
u faild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
lyes cloſd in a Clout on *Northway* Coaſt,
e Revel gars thee be ſervit with cauld Roaſt,
And aft ſit ſupperleſs beyond the Se,
ryand at Doris, *Charitas amore D E I*,
les, Bareſute and all in Duds up doſt.

XVIII.

DEILBER has nocht ado, with a *Dunbar*
The Earls of *Murray* bure that ſurname,
That to their King ay true and conſtant war
Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Weſtfield* K
That Succeſſion is hardy, wyſe, and wicht
And has naithing ado now with the D
But *Deilber* is thy kin, and kens thee
And has in hell for thee a Chalmer dicht.

XIX.

CURST crupand Craw, I ſall gar crop thy
And thou ſall cry *Cormundum* on thy Kne
Derch I ſall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
And thou ſall lick thy Lipps and ſweir th
I ſall degrad the graceleſs of thy Greis,
Scald thee for Skorn, and ſcor thee af t
Gar round thy Heid transform thee as
And with Treaſon gar trone thee on the Tt

XX.

RAWMOUD Rebald, and Renegaid Rebator,
My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
It cums aft to thy ſell to be a Traytor,
To ryde be Nicht, to rin, to reive and ſt

Quhen thou puts Poyſon to me I appeil
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Perſon
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Gaeſoun*,
Thou ſall buy it deir enouch, Derch of the Deil.

XXI.

In *Ingland*, Owl, ſould be thy Habitation;
Homage to *Edward Langſhanks* made thy Kin,
Ane to *Dunbar* reſaivt him thy fals Nation:
They ſould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,
Ane ſtark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:
The Heid Poynt of thy elders Arms are
Written abune in Poyſie, Hang *Dunbar*,
Quarter and draw, make that Surname thin.

XXII.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and ſpecial Clerk,
That nevir zit imagined his Offence,
Conſtant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark
Dependand only on his Excellence,
Treſtand to have of his Magnificence,
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyfice bedein,
Quhair that the Ravins ſall ryve out baith thy Ein
And on the Rattis ſall be thy Reſidence.

XXIII.

Frar *Atrick* Foreſt forward to *Domfreiſe*,
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and
And undernicht quhyles thou ſtall Staigs and
Becauſe now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,
Thou ſhaips in *France* to be Knicht of the
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun
Iſk Ways unhoneſt, Wolrun, that thou works

XXIV.

Thou may not paſs Mount *Bernard*, for wild
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreiſts,
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a
In *Paris* with thy Maſter *Burreau*,
Abyde and be his Prentiſe neir the Bank
And help to hang *Fripons* for half a *Fra*
And at the laſt thy ſelf maun thole the Law.

XXV.

Thou haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Puſſance Peilor, thou may pak
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedſet thy Clai
There is nae Lord in ſervice that wid tak t

Pack of Flae-Skins Fynance for to mak thee,
Thou ſall receive at *Dunſkyn* of my Talzie,
With *de profundis* ſet thee and that falzie,
And I ſall ſend the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to ſteir,
Upon her Sydes was ſein that thou could ſchute.
The Dirt cleaves till hir tows this Twenty Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Sie.
Ilk Saul had ſunkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made ſae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was ſaynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoſt for to paſs,
Thou ſchot and was not ſicker of thy Tail,
Beſhait the Steir, the Compas and the Glaſs,
The Skipper bad garland thee at the Baſs,
Thou ſpewd and cuſte mony a laithly Lump,
Faſter nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

XXVIII.

Had they been sae provided of Schot of Gun
By Men of Weir, bot perell they had past;
As thou was lowse and ready with thy Bun,
They neid haif tane nae towing at the last,
For thou could cake a Cartful at a Cast;
Ther is nae Ship that thee will now resaif,
Faster thou fylt than Fyfteensum might laife,
And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Mast.

XXIX.

Throw *Ingland* theive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,
Ane Horsmanshell thou call thee at the Mute,
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the l
Be naithing airch, but fairly tak in Hand;
Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumbe*
Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy C
For that maun be thy Dume I understand.

XXX.

Hie soverain Lord, let neir this sinful S
Do Schame frae hame unto zour Na
Let neir again sic an be calld a *Scot*
A rotten Crok Lowse of the Dok

Frae honeſt Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On ſum wyld Deſert quhair ther is no Repair,
For fyling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankert corrupt Carion.

XXXI.

Thou was conſavit in the grit Eclipps,
Ane Monſter maid be grit *Mercurius*,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortune, curſt, falſe and furious,
Ill-ſchriven, wan thriven, not clein nor curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdonie maiſt lyke,
A crabbit, ſcabbit, ill-facit Meſſen tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, ſchrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

Greit in the Glaiks, gude Maiſter Gwiliane Gowkks,
Maiſt imperfyte in Poetrie and Proſe,
All cloſs under the Cloud of Nicht thou coukks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Roſe!
Lunatick Lymmar, Luſchabald, lous thy Hoſe,
That I may touch thy Tung with Tribulation,
In recompenſing of thy Conſpiration,
Or turſs thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII.

A Benefice quha wald give fic a Beift,
But gif it were to jingle *Judas* Bells,
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jeft,
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam fchells,
Cleik on thy Crofs, and fair on into *France*,
And cum thou neir again without mifchance
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

Cankert Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villous*,
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monfter of all Men,
I fall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hillhoufe*,
To fwelly thee inftead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, foftert in Filth and Fen,
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Ph
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will n
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

Curst Conſpirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, int
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apoſtata*,
Judas, *Jews*, Janglor, Iollard Lawreat,

Sarazen, Symonite, proud Pagan, pronunceat,
Mahomeit, manſworn, Atheiſt abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce inſatiable;
With *Gog* and *Magog* greit glorificat.

XXXVI.

NERO thy Nevoy, *Goliah,* thy Grandſyre,
Pharo thy Fader, *Egyppa* thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cauſe that I conſpyre
Gainſt thee, and ilka, ſutie Deil thy Eme;
Belzebub thy full brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and *Cayphas* thy Sector,
Pluto Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

DEILBER, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir thou zeild,
Hangit, Mangit, Edder-ſtangit, Strnydie *Stultorum,*
To me, maiſt hie, *Kennedie,* and flie the Field;
Picket, wicket, ſtricket, convickit, Lump, *Iullardum,*
Deſamit, ſchamit blamit, *primus Paganorum;*
Out out, I ſchout upon that Snout, that ſnevils,
Tale teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels;
Spink, ſink, with Stink *ad Tartara tetmagorum:*

The Merry Teſtament of Maſter Andro Kennedie. *Maid by Maſter* William Dunbar, *when he was like to dy.*

I

I Maſter *Andro Kennedy*.
A curio quando ſum vocatus,
Begotten with ſum Incuby,
Or with ſum Freir *infatuatus*;
I cannot, Faith, tell redely,
Unde aut ubi ſui natus,
But this in Truth I trow trewly,
Quod ſum Diabolus incarnatus.

II.

CUM nihil ſit certius morte,
We maun all die quhen we haif done,
Neſcimus quando, vel qua forte,
Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;
Ego patior in pectore,
Throw Nicht I could not ſleip a Wink,
Licet æger in corpore,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

III.

UNC condo Teſtamentum meum,
I leave my Saul for evirmair,
Per omnipotentem Deum,
Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,
Semper ibi ad remanendum
Till Dumeſday cum without Dilever,
Bonum vinum ad bibendum,
With ſweit *Cuthbert* that lovedme nevir.

IV.

IPSE eſt dulcis ad amandum,
He wald aft ban me in his Braith,
Det mihi modò ad potandum,
And I forgave him laith and wraith,
Quia in Cellar *cum cerviſia,*
I had leur ly baith air and late,
Nudus ſolus in camiſia,
Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrel being at my Boſom,
Of wardly Gude I had nae mair,
Et corpus meum ebrioſum,
I leif unto the Toun of *Air,*

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,
Ut ibi ſepelire queam;
Qahair Drink and Draff may ilka Day
Be cuſten *ſuper faciam meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ſicker,
Sed ſemper variabile,
That evermair wad flow and flicker
Conſorti meo Jacobi
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,
Verum Deum renui,
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,
Hoc pactum ſemper tenui.

VII.

Synb leif I the Beſt Aucht I bocht,
Quod eſt Latinum propter cape
To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,
Quis eſt ille, than ſchrew my Skape:
I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,
Sed mille alii hoc ſciverunt,
We wer as ſib as Sive and Riddle,
In una ſilva quæ creverunt.

VIII.

IA mea ſolita,
hey wer but Leiſing all and ane,
omni fraude & falacia,
leive the Maiſter of Sanct *Anthane,*
William Gray ein *ſine gratia,*
ly ain deir Cuſine, as I wene,
nunquam fabricat mendacia,
ut quhen the Holand-tree grows grene.

IX.

ſenzeing and my falſe Winning,
elinquo falſis fratribus,
thats conform to GODS ain Bidding,
iſparſis dedit pauperibus;
Mens Sauls they ſay and ſing.
lentientes pro muneribus,
GOD give them an evil Ending,
ro ſuis pravis operibus.

X.

Yok the Fule, my Folly frie
ego poſt corpus ſepultum,
aith I am mair Fule than he,
icet oſtendo bonam multum.

Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,
Ipſe habet valde multum,
And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ee,
Fingendo eum ſore ſtultum.

XI.

To Maſter *Johney Clerk* ſyne,
Do & lego intime,
Gods braid Maleſon and myne,
Nam ipſe eſt cauſa mortis meæ,
Wer I a Dog and he a Swyne,
Multi Mirantur ſuper me,
But I ſuld gar that Lurdane quheyne,
Scribendo dentes ſine D.

XII.

RESIDUUM omnium bonorum
Reſts to diſpone my Lord ſall haif,
Cum tutela puerorum,
Baith *Edie*, *Ketie*, and all the laife;
In Faith I will nae langer raife,
Pro ſepultura ordino,
On the new Gyſe, ſae God me ſaif,
Non ſicut more ſolito.

XIII.

die meæ ſepulturæ.
will have nane but our ain Gang,
ſuos ruſticus de rure,
erand ane Barrel on a Stang,
ikand and playand Cap-out evin,
icut egomet ſolebam,
and and greitand with the Stevin,
'otum meum cum fletu miſcebam.

XIV.

ll nae Preiſts for me ſhall ſing,
)ies illa dies iræ,
zit nae bells for me to ring,
icut ſemper ſolet fieri,
a Bag-pyp to play a Spring
't unum Ale-wiſp *ante me,*
ead of Torches for to bring,
Qatour lagunas cerviſiæ,
thin the Grave to ſet ſic Thing
n modum crucis juxta me,
ſley the Feynds, than hardly ſing
De terra plaſmaſti me.

Diſcration in Aſking.

I.

OF every Aſking follows nocht
Reward, but gif ſum Cauſe were wrocht
And quhair Cauſe is Men weil may ſe,
And quhair nane is, it will be thocht
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

ANE Fule, thocht he haif Cauſe or nane,
Crayis ay, Gif me unto a Drene;
And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

SUM aſkis mair than he deſervs,
Sum aſkis far leſs than he ſervs,
Sum ſchames to aſk, and braids of me,
And all without Reward he ſterves;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

ſk bot Service hurts gude Fame,
k for Service nane ſuld blame,
To ſerve and leif in Beggartie,
aa and Maiſter baith is Schame;]
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

at dois all his beſt Servyis,
ſpill it all with Crakks and Cryis,
And be foul Importunitie;
eweſt Words may ſerve the wyis;
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VI.

HT neidfull is Men ſuld be dum,
ng is gotin without Words ſum,
Nocht ſpeids bot Diligence we ſe,
athing it alane will cum;
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

NO wald haif convenient Place,
enient Tyme, Laiſor and Space,
t Haiſt or Preis of grit Menzie,
Heart abaiſt, bot Tung reckles;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII.

Sum micht haif (ze) with little Cure,
That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
And Tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

Suppose the Servand be lang unpait,
The Lord ſumtyme reward will it.
Gif he dois not quhat Remedie;
To fecht with fortune is nae Wit;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

Diſcration in Giving.

I.

To ſpeik of Gifts or almous Deids,
Sum gives for Merit, ſum for Meids,
Sum wardlie Honour to up hie,
Gifes aft to them that nathing neids;
In giving ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

es for Pryd and Glory vain,
es with Grudging and with Pain,
n gives in Prattick for Supplie,
es for twyis as gude again;
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

es for Thank, ſum Cheritie,
ney gives, and ſum gives Meit,
ium give Words baith fair and ſlie;
s frae ſum can nae Man treit;
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

es ſo littil full wretchetly,
his Gifts are not ſet by,
d for a hude-pyk haldin his be,
the warld cryis on him, Fy!
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

his Giving is ſae large,
owre-laiden is his Berge,
irow Vyce and Prodigalitie;
his Honour deis Diſchagre;
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VI.

Sum to the rich Man gives his Geir,
That micht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
Zit thocht the Pure for falt ſuld die,
His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
In giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

Sum gives to Strangeris with Face new,
That zifterday frae *Flanderis* flew,
And auld Servands lifts not ſe,
Wer they neir of ſic grit Vertew;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII.

Sum gives to them can aſk and plenzie,
Sum gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
Sum gives to Men of Honeſtie,
And halds all Jangelars at diſdenzie;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

Thair ſum gets Gifts and rich arrayis,
To ſweir all that his Maiſter ſayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill ken
Ar mony ſic now in our Dayis;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

X.

es gude Men for thair gude Kewis,
es to Trumpers and to Schrews;
m gives to ſchaw his Auctoritie;
thair Office gude foundin few is;
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

XI

es Parochines full wyde,
f Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,
o teich, to rule, and to owreſie,
richt ſkant of Grace to gyde;
Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

Follows Diſcration in Taking.

I.

OW after Giving I ſpeik of Taking,
But littill of ony Gude forſaiking;
m taks owre ſcrimp Autoritie,
n owre-meckle, and that is glaiking;
aking ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

THE Clerks tak Benefices with Brawls,
Sum of Saint *Peter*, ſum of Saint *Pauls*,
Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,
Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure
All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,
In mails and Gerſomes raiſt owre hie,
And gars them beg frae Dore to Dore;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration, be

IV.

AND ſum tak uther Mens Takks,
And on the Pure oppreſſion maks,
And nevir minds that he maun die,
Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

SUM take be Sie and ſum be Land,
And nevir frae Taking hald thair Hand,
Till they be tyit up to a Trie;
And ſyn they gar them underſtand
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

VI

vald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
he of Man as little Feir,
As he hes Dreid that God him ſe,
k then ſuld he nevir forbeir;
In taking ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
zet nocht ſatisfiet thair Neid,
Throw Heart unſatiable and greidie,
wald tak littil, and cannot ſpeid;
In taking ſuld Diſcration be

VIII.

Men for Taking and Oppreſſion,
tt full famous at the Seſſion,
hile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
nit for evir and thair Succeſſion;
taking ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

taks the Makkaris ruiſing kynd,
rewaird dois nevir mynd,
w Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,
gars my pouch be aft ill lynd;
Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

The foregoing three quod Mr. Wm. Dunbar

On Detraction and Demi

I.

MUSING alane this hinder Nicht,
Of mirry Day, quhen gane was ;
Within a Garth undir a Trie,
I hard ane Voce that ſaid on Hicht,
May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

FOR thocht I be an crownit King,
Zit ſall I not eſchew Deming;
Sum calls me gude, ſome ſays I lie,
Sum craifs of God to end my Ring,
Sae ſall I not undemit be.

III.

BE I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
Than every Pelour and Purſe-pyke,
Says Land wer better waird on me,
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV.

An I a Lady freſch and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they ſay baith ſcho and he,
That I am japit late and air,
Thus ſall I not undemit be.

V.

An I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honeſtly cled that ſets me richt,
Ane prydefull Man ſyn call they me:
But God ſend them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let ſic Deming be.

VI.

An I but little of Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monſterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

And be I ornat in my Speich;
Then *Towſy* ſayis I am ſae ſtreich,
I ſpeik not lyke thair Houſe Menzie,
Suppoſe her Mouth miſtres a Leich,
Yit can ſcho not let Deming be.

VIII.

But wiſt thir Folk that uther deims,
How that their Saws to uthers ſeims,
Thair vicious Words and Vainity,
Thair rattling Tungs that all furth teims,
Tharis ſum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

Gude James the Ferd our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of Zéirs zing,
In Sentence ſaid full ſubtilie,
Do weil and ſet nocht by Deming.
For nae Man ſall undemit be.

X.

And ſae I ſall with God his Grace,
Keip his command into that Caſe.
Beſickand ay the Trinity,
In Hevin that I may haif a Place,
For thair ſall no Man demit be.

Quod Mr. W. Dunb

Sons exylt by Pryde

I.

Sons hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
Sen ilka Knaif was cled in ſilken Goun,
lfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,
nd in their Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid
ryd is amang us enterit, bot God ſpeid,
leird our Lords to gang now leſs and mair,
h ſilken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

w a ſmall *Barons* rich Abulezement,
n ſilkin Furrings, Chenzies and ſic Geir,
ht furniſs Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,
Veil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
t were full meit gif it happens be Weir,
t all this Pryd of ſilk wer quyt laid down,
changit in *Jack Knapſka* and *Abergown*.

III

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
And gar unſulziet keip them elene and fair,
And weir them but on hie triumphand Days.
And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
They neid not buy Silk Rayments mair,
This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succeſſion,
Gif ſinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Diſcretion.

IV.

THAIR Men alſo maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
Frae his Caprouſy be with Ribbons laiſt,
With Velvet Bord about his threid bare Coit:
On Woman Wayis well tyit about his Waiſt,
His Hat on Syde ſet up for ony Haiſt,
For Hichtines the Culroun dois miſken,
His awin Maiſter as weil as uther Men.

V.

QUHA ſinns in Pryd, does firſt to God Grivance
Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a fall;
Syne of himſelf weſtis faſt his ſubſtance,
Sae lerge, that it owrepaſſes his rentall,
His Tennants pure he dois oppreſs with al
His coiſtly Gown, with tail ſae wyde outſpre
His nakit Faſmours gars hungry gae to Bed

Quo

SATYRE on Covetouſneſs.

I.

REIDOM, Honour and Nobillneſs,
Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentilneſs,
now in Court repute as Vyce,
d all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

II.

L Weilfare, Welth and Wantoneſs,
changit into Wretchetneſs.
d Play is ſet at little Pryce,
d all for cauſe of Covetyce.

III.

LKING, Hunting and ſwift Horſe rinning,
changit all in wranous winning,
air is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,
d all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

IV.

HEARTY Houſe-halding is all laid down,
A Laird has with him but a Loun,
That leids him after his Devyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
Quhair Pleſour was and grit Plentie,
Veniſon Wyld foul Wyn and Spyce,
Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
Cattle and Corn to ſell and eit,
Hes now nae Beiſts but Cats and Myce,
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,
Quha wont to weir baith Red and Bro
Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce,
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VIII.

rds in Silks harle to the Deil,
lk thair Tennants ſald Summer Meil,
on Ruits under the Ryſs,
or Cauſe of Covetyce.

IX.

at dois Deids of Pietie,
in Pece and Cheritie,
a Fule and that full Nyce,
&c.

X.

can reive uther Mens Rowme,
pure Men gadder Sowme,
n active Man and Wyſe,
ſe.

XI.

s thy Maker, and be merry,
nocht this Warld a Cherry;
a place in Paradyce,
rings nae Covetyce.

The CHERRIE *and the* SLAE.

Compylt into Scottis *Meeter by Captain* Alexander Montgomery.

I.

ABOUT an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair notis renewis
With gallant Goldſpinks gay;
The Mavis, Merle and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt Lark and Laverock loud,
Salutit mirthfnl *May*.
Quhen *Philomel* had ſweitly ſung
To progne ſcho deplord,
How *Tereus* cut out hir Tung,
And falſly her deſtourd;
Quilk Story ſo ſorie
To ſchaw hir ſelf ſcho ſemit,
To heir hir ſo neir hir,
I doubtit if I dreimit.

This Edition is taken from two curious old ones printed by *Robert Waldegrave*, the King's Printer, in cording to a Copy corrected by the Author hi other by *Andro Hart*, printed 1615, ſaid on the to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into ſorteims, not long before the Author's Death.

II.

The Cushat crouds, the Corbie Crys,
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,
To geck hir they begin;
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, and keckilng Kays,
They deavt me with thair Din.
The painted pawn with *Argos* Eyis,
Can on his Mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit Tries,
And Eccho answers all,
Repeting with Greiting,
How fair *Narcissus* fell
By lying and spying
His Schadow in the Well,

III.

I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare
In hidlings hirpling heir and thair
To mak thair Morning mange,
The Con, the Cunning and the Cat,
Whais dainty Downs with Dew were wat,
With stif Mustachis strange.

The Hart, the Hynd the Dae, the Rae
The Fulmart and falſe Fox;
The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,
With birſſy Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, ſum dreiding
The Hunters ſubtile Snairs,
With ſkipping and tripping,
They playit them all in Pair

IV.

The Air was ſobir, ſaft and ſweit.
Nae Miſty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
But quyit, calm and clear;
To foſter *Floras* fragrant Flowris,
Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,
Had trinklit mony a Teir;
The Quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers ſhynd,
Embroydering Bewties Bed,
Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd
In *Mayis* Collouris cled,
Sum knoping ſum droping,
Of balmy Liquor ſweit,
Excelling and ſmelling,
Throw *Phebus* hailſum Heit

V.

HOCHT an heavenlie heartſum Thing,
iir Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the Treis,
ludy on the Fluriſt Twiſts,
iring Natures Alchymiſts
Laborious buſſie Bies,
airof ſum ſweiteſt Honie ſocht,
To ſtay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
ſum the waxie Veſchells wrocht,
Thair Purchaſe to preſerve;
So heiping, for keiping
It in thair Hyves they hyde,
Preciſely and wyſely,
For Winter thy provyde.

VI.

pen the Pleaſures of that Park,
v every Bloſſom Braach and Bark,
Againſt the Sun did ſhyne,
ais to poetis to comple,
ich heroick ſtaitlie Style,
Quhais Muſe farmatches myne.

But as I lukit myne alane,
I ſaw a River rin,
Outwore a ſteipie Rock of Stane,
Syne lichtit in a Lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the Roches round,
Devalling and falling,
Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,
The Roches ſounding lyke a Sang,
Quhair Das Kane did abound;
With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,
And Ecchoe blew a Baſe betwene,
In Diapaſon Sound,
Set with the *C--ſol--fa--uth* Cleif,
With Lang and Large at liſt;
With Quaver, Crotchet, ſemibrief,
And not an minum miſt,
Compleitly mair ſweitly,
Scho fridound flat and ſchairp,
Nor Muſes that uſes
To pin *Apollos* Harp.

VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abune,
With Lays of luvefum Larks,
Quhilk clim fae high in Chryſtal Skyis,
Quhyle *Cupid* walkens with the Crys,
Of Natures Chappel Clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
Allichted on the Eird.
Lo how that little Lord of Luve,
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyke
With Bow three Quarters ſcant,
Syne moylie and coylie,
He lukit lyk ane Sant.

IX.

ANE cleinly Criſp hang owre his Eyis,
His Quiver by his nakit Thyis
Hang in ane Silver Lace;
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,
Twa pretty Wings quhairwith he flew,
On his left Arm ane Brace.

This God ſone aff his Geir he ſchuke
Upon the graſſie Grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair Perlies micht be fund:
Amaſit I gaſit
To ſee his geir ſae gay
Perſaiſing myne Havcing,
He countit me his Prey.

X.

His Zouth and Statur made me ſtout,
Of Doublencis I had nae Doubt,
But bourded with my Boy:
Quod I, How call they thee my Chyl
Cupido, Sir, quod he and ſmyld,
Pleaſe you me to imploy;
For I can ſerve you in your Suite,
If you pleaſe to impyre,
With Wings to flie, and Schafts to ſ
Or Flamis to ſet on Fyre.
Mak Choice then of th
Or of a thouſand Thin
But crave them and h
With that I wowd hi

XI.

HAT wald thou gif my Friend, *quod he*,
haif thir wanton Wings to flie,
To ſport thy Sprit a quhyle;
quhat gif I ſuld lend the Heir,
, Quiver, Schafts and Schuting Geir
Sum Body to begyle:
it Geir, *quod*, *I* cannot be boeht,
Zit I wald have it fain;
at gif, *quod he*, it coſt thee nocht,
But rendering all again:
His Wings then he brings then,
And band them on my Back,
Go flie now *quod he*, now,
And ſae my Leif I tak.

XII.

rang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,
a Bow and Schuting Geir reſigns,
To lend me for a Day:
Icarus with borrowit Flicht,
ountit hichar nor I micht,
Owre perrelous ane Play:

Then Furth I drew that double Dart
Quhilk ſumtyme ſchot his Mother
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,
In hope to hurt an uther:
It hurt me or burnt me,
Quhyle either hand I handill
Cum ſee now in me now
The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.

As ſcho delyts into the Low,
Sae was I browdin of my Bow,
Als ignorant as ſcho;
And as ſcho flies quhyls ſcho be fyrit,
Sae with the Dart that I deſyrt,
My hand has hurt me to;
As fuliſh *Phaeton* be ſute
His Fathers Cart obtaind,
Sae langt I in Lufis Bow to ſchute,
Not marking quhat it meind
Mair wilfull than Skilfull,
To flie I was ſae fond,
Deſyring, aſpiring;
And ſae was ſene uponnd.

XIV.

o late I knew quha hewis to Hie,
ſpail ſall fall into his Eie,
Too late I went to Schuils;
late I heard the Swallow preich,
late experience Dois teich
The Schuil-maiſter of Fuils;
o late to fynd the Neſt I ſeik,
Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;
o late the Stabil-dore I ſteik,
Quhen all the Steids are ſtowin;
Too late ay their State ay,
All fuliſh Folk eſpy,
Behind ſae, they find ſae
Remeid, and ſae do I.

XV.

IF I had ryplie bene advyſt,
had not raſchly enterpryſt,
To ſoir with borrowit Penns;
or zit had ſeyd the Archer-craft,
o ſchute myſell with ſik a Schaft,
As Reaſon quyte miſkenns:

Frae wilfulness gif me my Wound,
I had nae Force to flie,
Then came I graiuand to the Ground,
Friend, Welcum hame, *quod he;*
Quhair slew ze; Quhom slew ze?
Or quha brings hame the Buiting!
I se now, *quod he*, now,
Ze haif bene at the Schuting

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,
Sae I behuift to byde them baith,
Sae stakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat sik Chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But eyther stail or mait;
My agony was sae extreme,
I swelt and swound for Feir,
But or I walkant of my Dreme,
He spulziet me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,
Forzetting and setting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis,

XVII.

g with Sicht I followit him,
baith my dazelist Eyis grew dim
With ſtairing on the Starns,
flew ſae thick befoir my Ein,
id, ſum zellow, blew, ſum grene,
Quhilk trublit all my Harns,
ery Thing apperit twae
To my barbukzeit Brain,
g micht I ly luiking ſae,
Or *Cupid* came again;
Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
I hard up throw the Air,
Throw Cluds ſo he thuds ſo,
And flew I wiſt not quhais.

XVIII.

rae I ſaw that God was gane,
a langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to;
e I ſichit, quhyle I was ſad,
e I muſit and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;

Sumtyme I ravit half in a Rage,
As ane into Diſpair,
To be oppreſt with ſic a Page,
Lord gif my heart was ſair
Lyke *Dido Cupido*,
I widdill and I warie,
Quha reft me and left me
In ſic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I *Courage* and *Deſyre*
Inflame my Heart with uncouth Fyre,
To me befoir unknawn;
But now nae Bluide in me remains
Unburnt and boyld within my Vaines,
By Luve his Bellies blawin;
To quench it or I was devorit,
With Sichs I went about,
But ay the mair I ſchupe to ſmorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preiſing bot ceiſing,
Quhyl it micht breik the Bound
My Hew ſo furth ſchew ſo
The Dolour of My Wounds.

XX.

·H deidly Viſage, pail and wan,
lyke an Atomy than Man,
I widdert clein away,
Wax beſoir the Fyre, I felt
Heart within my boſom melt,
And Peice and Peice decay,
Veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My Punſis lap with Pith;
Fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:
My Heart ay did ſtart ay,
The fyrie Flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

, O alace! it was abunt,
airfull Corps kept it incluiſt,
In Perſoun of my Breiſt;
Sichs ſae ſowpit and owre-ſet,
to an Fiſch faſt in the Net,
In Deid thraw undecuiſt.

Quha thocht in vain ſcho ſtryve by Strength
For to pull out hir Heid.
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haiſtning to hir Deid;
With wriſting and thirſting,
The faſter ſtill is ſcho
Thair I ſo did ly ſo,
My Death advancing to.

XXII.

The mair I wreſtlit with the Wind
The faſter ſtill myſelf I find,
Nae Mirth my Mynd micht meiſe;
Mair Noy, nor I, had nevir nane,
I was ſae altert and owre-gane,
Throw Drowth of My Diſeiſe:
Zit weakly as I micht I raiſe,
My Sicht grew dim and Dark,
I ſtakkerit at the Windill-ſtraes,
Nae Takin I was ſtark
Baith ſichtleſs and michtles
I grew allmaiſt at ains,
In Angwiſche I langwiſche,
With mony grievous Grains.

XXIII.

ITH ſober Pace I did approche
rd to the River, and the Roche,
Quhairof I ſpak befoir;
e River ſic a Murmur maid,
to the Sea it ſaftly ſlaid,
The Craig hich, ſtay and ſchoir;
en Pleaſure did me ſae provok
Thair partly to repair,
wixt the River and the Rock,
Quhair *Houp* grew with *Diſpaire*;
A Trie than I ſie than
Of CHERRIES on the Braes,
Bclaw to I ſaw to
Ane Buſs of bitter SLAES.

XXIV.

E Cherries hang abune my Heid,
ke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the Hewch,
hais Schaddowis in the River ſchew,
graithly glancing as they grew,
On trimbling Twiſtis and tewch,

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
Declyning doun thair Toppis,
Reflect of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,
New colourit all thair Knoppis;
With danſing and glanſing,
In Tyrles dornik champ,
Quhilk ſtreimed and leimed
Throw Lichtneſs of that Lamp.

XXV.

With earneſt Eie, quhyl I eſpy
The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
Half-gaite almaiſt to Hevin;
The Craig ſae cumberſum to clim,
The Trie ſae tall of Growth, and trim,
As ony arrow evin:
I call'd to mynd how *Daphne* did,
Within the Laurell ſchrink,
Quhen from *Appollo* ſcho hir hid
A thouſand Tymes I think;
That Trie thair to me thair,
As he his Laurell thocht,
Aſpyring, bot tyring,
To get that Fruit I ſocht

XXVI.

lim the Craig it was nae Buit,
e to preiſs to pull the Fruit
In Top of all the Trie;
nae Way quhairby to cum,
y Craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
Craig was ugly ſtay and dreich,
The Trie lang ſound and ſmall,
; affrayd to clim ſa hich,
For Feir to fetch a Fall;
Affrayit to ſay it,
I lukit up on loft,
Quhyls minting, quhyls ſtinting,
My purpoſe changit oft.

XXVII.

IN *Dreid* with *Danger* and *Diſpair*,
bad me minting onie mair
To rax abune my Reiche;
at, Tuſche, quod *Courage*, Man go to,
s but daft that has to do,
And ſpairs for every Speiche:

For I haif aft hard ſuith Men ſay,
And we may ſee ourſells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And Pultrones plain repells;
Then feir nocht nor heir noch
Dreid, Danger or *Diſpair*
To Fazarts bard Hazarts,
Is deid or they cum their.

XXVIII.

Quha ſpeids, but ſic as heich aſpyris,
Quha triumphs nocht, but ſic as tryes
To win a nobill Name;
Of ſchrinking, quhat but Schame ſucceids,
Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids
In Regiſter of Fame:
I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with Honour die;
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage faild,
Sall Poets pen of thee:
Thy Name than from fame tha
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy Graif ay ſall haif ay,
That honeſt Epitaff.

XXIX.

QHAT can thou loſſe, quhen Honour lives,
Known (thy Vertew) ay revives,
Gif valiauntlie thou end:
Quod *Danger*, Huly, Freind, tak heid,
Intymous Spurring ſpills the Steid;
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:
Thocht *Courage* counſell thee to clim,
Bewar thou kep nae Skaith,
Saif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thy ſell now may tell now
The Counſell of thae Clerks,
Quhairthrow zit I trow zit
Thy Breiſt dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the *Danger* dreids,
Sae I belief thy Boſome bleids,
Sen laſt that Fyre thou felt:
Beſyds that ſeindle Tymes thou ſeis
That evir *Courage* keips the Keis
Of Knawledge at his Belt;

Frae wilfulneſs gif me my Wound,
I had nae Force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the Ground,
Friend, Welcum hame, *quod he;*
Quhair flew ze; Quhom flew ze?
Or quha brings hame the Buiting!
I ſe now, *quod he*, now,
Ze haif bene at the Schuting

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,
Sae I behuift to byde them baith,
Sae ſtakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat ſik Chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But eyther ſtail or mait;
My agony was ſae extreme,
I ſwelt and ſwound for Feir,
But or I walkant of my Dreme,
He ſpulziet me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,
Forzetting and ſetting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis,

XVII.

lang with Sicht I followit him,
/le baith my dazelist Eyis grew dim
With ſtairing on the Starns,
ilk flew ſae thick befoir my Ein,
reid, ſum zellow, blew, ſum grene,
Quhilk troublit all my Harns,
: every Thing apperit twae
To my barbulzeit Brain,
lang micht I ly luiking ſae,
Or *Cupid* came again;
Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
I hard up throw the Air,
Throw Cluds ſo he thuds ſo,
And flew I wiſt not quhais.

XVIII.

n frae I ſaw that God was gane,
I in langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to;
yme I ſichs, quhyle I was ſad,
yme I muſt and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;

The Prattick is to bring to pas,
And not to enterpryſe,
And ale gude drinking out of Glas
As Gold in ony Waye;
I levir haif evir
A Foul in hand or tway,
Nor ſieand ten fliand
About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befoir thou l
And ſlip na Certainty for Howp,
Quha gyds thee but begeſs,
Quod *Courage*. Cowards tak nae Cu
To ſit with Schame, ſae they be ſure,
I lyk them all thee leſs;
Quhat Pleſure pureheſt is bot Pain,
Or Honour win with Eiſe,
He will not ly quhair he is ſlain,
That douttis befoir he dies:
For *Feir* then I heir then
But only ane Remeid,
Quhilk latt is, and that is
For to cut aff the Heid,

XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil thy Hurt?
Quhat is the way to ſtay thy Sturt?
Quhat meins may mak thee merrie?
Quhat is the comfort that thou craivs?
Suppoſe thir Sophiſts thee deſaivs:
Thou knaws it is the *Cherrie*;
Ben for it only thou but thriſts;
The *Slae* can be nae Buit;
In it alſo thy Helth conſiſts,
And in nae uther Fruit;
Quhy quaiks thou, and ſchaiks thou?
And ſtudys at our Stryfe,
Advyſe thee, it lyes thee,
On nae leſs than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

GIF any Patient wald be panſt,
Quhy ſuld he lowp quhen he is lanſt,
Or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorn;
For I haif hard Chirurgians ſay,
Aſtymes defferring of a Day,
Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak Tyme, in Tyme or Tyme be tint;
For tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,
But als hard match again.
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou ſall ſie it ſae,
Sic gets ay, than ſetts ay,
Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginings be maiſt hard,
The End is pleaſand afterward;
Then ſchrink not for a Schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,
The Sweit exceids the Soure.
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir
For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht,
Quod *Danger* be not ſudden, Sir,
The Matter is of Wecht;
Firſt ſpy baith and try baith,
Advyſement does nane Ill,
I ſay then, ye may then,
Be willful quhen ze will.

XXXVII.

t to Mynd the Proverb call,
ſes Perrils periſh ſall,
Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them laſts;
aif hard *quod Howp*, that he
ir ſchaip to ſail the Se,
That for all Perrills caſts.
ony throw Diſpair are Deid,
That nevir Perils preivt?
ony alſo, gif thou reid,
f Lyves have we releivt?
Quha being evin dieing,
Bot Danger but diſpaird;
A Hunder, I wonder,
But thou haſt hard declaird.

XXXIX.

e twa hald not up thy Heart.
t is the Chief and nobleſt Part,
Thy Wark wald not gang weil,
lering thae Companions can
de a ſilly ſimple Man,
To haſard for his Heil,

Suppoſe they haif deſavit ſum,
Or they and we micht meit;
They get nae Credence quhair we cum,
With ony man of Spreit,
By Reaſoun their Treaſoun
Be us is firſt eſpyt,
Reveiling thair Deiling.
Quhilk dow not be denyt.

XL.

With ſleikit Sophiſms ſeiming ſweit,
As all thair Doings war diſcreit,
They wiſh thee to be wyſe,
Poſtponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,
But Faith in underneath the Flowr,
The lurking Serpent lyes?
Suppoſe thou ſeis her not a Styme,
Till that ſcho ſtings thy Fute:
Perlaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,
Thy ſlewthing does owreſchute.
Allace Man! thy Caſe Man,
In lingring Lament,
Go to now and do now,
That Courage be content.

XLI.

AT gif Melancholy cum in,
get ane Grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour loſt ;
he will hald the hard and faſt,
Tyme and Place and Fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the Ghoſt :
n ſall be graivd upon the Stane,
Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,
tyme thair lived ſic a ane ;
But how ſall it be ſaid ?
Here lyes now, bot pryſe now
Into Diſhonours bed,
An Cowart as thou art,
That from his fortune fled.

XLII.

GYNE Man gif thou wer laid
raif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for Schame ?
Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald :
reſoir gif thou has Ene behald,
How they wald ſmoir thy Fame

Gae to and mak nae mair Excuſe,
Or Lyfe and Honour loſe,
And outher them or us refuſe
There is nae uther Choſe.
Conſider togidder,
That we can nevir dwell,
At length ay by Strenth ay
Thae Pultrones we expell.

XLIII.

Quod *Danger*, Sen I underſtand,
That Counſell can be nae Command,
I have nae mair to ſay,
Except that gif he thocht it good;
Tak Counſell zit or ze conclude
Of Wyſer Men nor they.
They are but rackleſs, zung and raſche,
Suppoſe they think us ſleid;
Gif of our Fellowſchip zou faſche,
Gang with them hardly beit.
God ſpeid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle Wit.
Expell us, zeil tell us.
Heiraftir comes not zit.

XLIV.

IYLE *Danger* and *Diſpair* retyrt,
:rience came in and ſpeirt
Quhat all the Matter meind;
h him came *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
they began to ſpeir at *Will*,
Quhair make ze to my Friend?
pluck zone luſty Cherrie loe,
Quod he and quyte the Slae:
d they, is thair nae mair ado,
Or ze win up the Brae?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the Fruit to pluck,
Weil, Brother, ſum uther
Were better to conduct.

XLV.

grant ze may be gude aneuch;
zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,
Requyris ane graver Gyde;
ryſe as ze are may gae wrang;
rfor tak Counſail or ze gang
Of ſum that ſtand beſyde.

But quha war zon three ze forbad
Zour Company richt now;
Quod *Will* three Prechours to perſwad,
The poyſond Slae to pow.
They trattlit and prattelit,
A lang half Hour and mair;
Foul fall them, they call them
Dreid, Danger and *Diſpair*.

XLVI.

They are mair faſchious nor of Feck,
Zon Fazards durſt not for thair Neck
Clim up the Craig with us;
Frae we determinit to die,
Or elſe to clim zon Cherrie Trie,
They baid about the Buſs.
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,
They wald not weit thair Feit,
But zit gif ony Fiſch ze gat,
They wald be fain to eit.
Thocht they now, I ſay now,
To hazard haif nae Heart,
Zit luck we and pluck we,
The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII.

frae we get our Voyage wun,
ſall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryſe;
quod *Experience*, ze boiſt;
he that Counts without his Oiſt,
He aftentymes counts twyſe.
ell the Beirs Skin on his Back,
But byd while ze it get;
en ze have done, its Tyme to crak
Ze ſiſh befoir the Net.
Quhat haiſt, Sir, ze taiſt, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

L Danger back again, quod *Skill*,
ſe quhat he can ſay to *Will*,
We ſee him ſchod ſae ſtrait:
may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells,
d *Courage* we concludid ells,
He ſervis not for our Mait;

For I can tell zou all perqueir
His Counſail or he cum:
Quod *Will*, quhairto ſoud he cum heir,
He cannot hald him dum;
He ſpeiks ay, and ſeiks ay
Delay of Tyme be Drifts;
He grievis us, and devis us,
With Sophiſtries and Schifts:

XLIX.

Quod *Reaſoun*, quhy was he debard?
The Tale is ill may not be hard,
Zet let us heir him anis.
Then *Danger* to declair began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,
To leid him all thair lains;
For they wald haif him up the Hill,
But owther Stap or Stay:
And quha was welcomer than *Will*,
He wald be formoſt ay;
He could do, and ſould do,
Quha evir wald or nocht,
Sic ſpeiding proceiding
Unlyklie was I thocht.

L.

RFOR I wiſht them to bewar,
ıſhly not to run owre ſar,
Without ſic Gyds as ze.
Courage, Freind, I heir zou tail,
ttir tent unto zour Tale,
Ze ſaid it could not be;
that ze wald not conſent,
That evir we ſuld clim:
Will for my Pairt I repent,
We ſaw them mair than him:
For they are the Stayer
Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they ſchrink now,
Go forwart let them be.

LI.

), we naithing do but gucks;
ay the Voyage nevir luks,
Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.
Viſdom gravely, Sir, I grant,
re nae warſe zour Vote to Want,
Sum Sentence heir I note.

Suppoſe ze ſpeak it but begels,
Sum Fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confeſs.
And cums aftymes behynd
It may be that they be
Deſavit that nevir doutit;
Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,
Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,
And ſware he ſaw naithing in Age,
But Anger, Yre and Grudge;
And for myſell, quod he, I ſweir
To quhat all my Companions heir,
Gif they admit zou Judge,
Experience is grown ſae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif but *Courage* are ſae cauld,
Nae Hazarding they haif;
For *Danger*, far ſtranger
Has made them than they war,
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII.

Iy may not theſe three leid this ane
I an hunder myne alane.
Bot Counſal of them all.
ınt quod *Wiſdom* ze haif led;
I wald ſpeir how mony ſped,
Or furder bot a Fall.
ɔwther few or nane I trow,
Experience can tell;
ſays the Man may wyte but zou
The firſt Tyme that he fell.
He kens then, quhais Penns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
His Wounds zet, that ſtounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

ıt, quod *Experience*, is trew;
' flatterit him quhen firſt he flew;
Will ſet him in a Low.
! was his Counſell and Convoy,
borrow frae the blindit Boy
Baith Quiver wings and Bow;

Quhairwith before he ſeyd to ſhute,
He nowther zield to Zouth,
Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,
To quench his deidlie Drouth.
Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him
To Deid, I wat not how,
Gif *Will* then did ill then,
Himſelf remembers now.

LV.

For I *Experience* was thair
Lyke as I uſe to be all quhair,
Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*
To be the Grund of all his Grief,
As I my ſelf can be a Preif
And Witneſs thairuntill:
Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,
Nor hidlings frae me hid,
Nor ſecret Things that I haif ſene
That he or ony did:
Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Let him think to conceild;
For quhy now even I now
Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI.

ſtome is for to declair,
ruth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot:
lful *Will* delyts in Leis,
ɔle in thy ſelf thou ſe:s
How he can turn his Coat;
ith his Language wald alure
Thee zet to brek thy Bains:
knaws thy ſelf, gif he was ſure,
Thou uſd his Counſell anes,
Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod *Wiſdom* then to me.

LVII.

ı quod *Experience*, gif he
its himſelf to you and me,
I wate quhat I ſould ſay,
ɜude Advyſe he ſall not want,
ɣding always that he grant
To put zon *Will* away,

And baniſch baith him and *Diſpair*,
That all gude Purpoſe Spills;
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
Let them twa flyte thair fills
Sic Coiſſing bot Loſſing,
All honeſt Men may uſe;
That Change now were ſtrange now
Quod *Reaſon*, to refuſe.

LVIII.

Quod *Will*, Fy on him quhen he ſlew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif ſtayd his Sturt.
Quod *Reaſon* thocht he bear the Blame,
He nowther ſaw nor neidit them,
Till he himſelf had hurt:
Firſt quhen he miſtert not, he micht,
He neids and may not now
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht
Empaſhed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perſaive thy Purpoſe plain
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

LIX.

D *Skill*, Quhy ſuld we langer ſtryve?
etter late than never thryve,
Cum let us help him zit;
Tyme we may not get again,
vaſt but preſent tyme in vain,
Beware with that quod *Wit*:
; on, *Experience*, lets ſe,
We think ze hald ze dum,
Bygones I haif hard quod he,
I knaw not things to cum.
Quod *Reaſon*, The Seaſon
With Slowthing ſlyds away,
Firſt tak him and mak him
A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

DD *Will*, Gif he be not a Man,
ıy zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
He lukes lyk ane at leiſt.
d *Reaſon*, Gif he follow thee,
I mynd not to remain with me,
Noght but a brutal Beiſt:

A Man in Schape doth not conſiſt,
For all zour taunting Tales,
Thairfor, Sr *Will*, I wald ze wiſt
Zour Metaph yſick fails;
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
Zour Logick at the Schulis,
Sum Day then ze may then
Paſs Maſter with the Mulis.

LXI.

Quod *Will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,
Suld not I trow my ain twa E[illegible],
For all zour Logick Schulis,
If I did not I war not wyſe:
Quod *Reaſon*, I haif tald zou thryſe,
Nane ferlies mair than Fulis;
Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for Haſte,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,
Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taſte,
All quick Things haif ſic Things,
I mein baith Man and Beiſt,
By Kynd then, we fynd then
Few laks them in the leiſt.

LXII.

Sae be that Conſequens of thyne,
Or Syllogiſm ſaid lyk a Swyne,
A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou uſes only but thyne Eies,
Scho touches, taſtes, ſmells, heirs, and ſeis,
Quhilk matches thee and mair:
But ſince to triumph ze intend,
As preſently appeirs,
Sir, for zour Clergie, to be kend,
Tak ze twa Aſſes Eirs,
Nae Myter perfyter
Gat *Midas* for his Meid,
That Hude Sir is gude Sir
To hap zour Brain-ſick Heid.

LXIII.

Ze haif nae Feil for to defyne,
Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne
A Man to be a Mule,
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horſe and gude,
To ryde thairon at Zule

our Ground quhair we began,
For all zour guſtleis Jeſts,
It be Maſter to the Man,
But thou to Brutal Beiſts;
Sae we twae mann be twae,
To cauſe baith Kynds be knawn,
Keip thyne then frae myne then,
And ilka ane uſe thair awin.

LXIV

Then *Will* as angrie as an Ape,
Ran ramping ſweiring rude and rape,
Saw he non other Schift;
He wald not want an inch of Will,
Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,
For thirty of his Thrift;
He wald be formoiſt in the Feild,
And Maiſter gif he micht,
Yea he ſuld rather die than zield,
Though *Reaſon* had the richt:
Shall he now mak me now
His Subject or his Slaif,
Na rather, my Father
Sall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV.

im quhyle my heart is heal,
1 firſt or he prevail,
um after quhat ſo may:
ſon, Dout ze not indeed,
Nail upon the Heid,
ſall be as ze ſay.
ſpur for to ſpyre,
our Brydle wants a Bit,
may leif zou in the Myre,
ſicker as ze ſit.
Zour Sentence, Repentance,
Sall learn zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
Quhen ze that prattick prieve.

LXVI.

dyted zour Decreit,
ieſie to be complete,
haps, and to zour Pains,
ſaid, and may be ſae,
ſan wants nevir Wae.
ocht he gets litle Gains.

But ſen ze think it eaſy Thing
To mount aboif the Mune,
Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,
And daunce quhen ze haif done;
If than Sir the Man Sir
Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,
But ſpeir firſt and heir firſt
Quhat he himſelf will ſay.

LXVII.

Then all togither they began
To ſay, Cum on, thou martyrit Man.
Quhat is thy Will, advyſe?
Abaiſd a bony quhyle I baid,
And muſd or I my Anſwer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyſe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais Motions muvit me maiſt,
Sum ſeimd aſſurd, ſum dred for Dout,
Will ran reid-wod for Haiſt,
With wringing and ſlinging,
For Madneſs lyk to mang;
Diſpair to, for Care to,
Wald neids himſelf gae hang.

LXVIII.

WHILK quhen *Experience* perſavit,
Quod he, Remember gif we ravit,
As *Will* alledgt of lait,
Quhen that he ſware he naithing ſaw
In Age, But Anger, ſlak and ſlaw,
And cankert of Conſait;
He could not luck as he aledgt,
That all Opinions ſpeirt,
He was ſae frak and fyrie edgt,
He thocht us four but feirt:
Quha panſis, quhat chanſis,
Quod he nae Worſchip wins,
To ſum beſt ſall cum beſt
That hap weil rak weil rins.

LXIX.

SIR, quod *Experience*, behald,
For all the Tales that he has tald,
How he himſelf behaifs,
Becauſe *Diſpair* could not cum ſpeid,
To quhair he hangs all but the Heid,
And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif zou be ſure anes thou may ſe
To Men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Conſidder be themſells,
Then chuſe thee to uſe thee,
By us, or ſic as zone,
Say ſone now, haif done now,
Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceids
The frantick Fantaſie that feids,
Thy furious flaming Fyre
Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breiſt combuir,
That nane but we, quod they, can cuir
Or help thy Hearts Deſyre:
The perſing Paſſion of thy Spreit
That waiſts thy vital Breath,
Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,
Deſyre draws on thy Death.
Thy Puncis renouncis
All kynd of quiet Reſt,
That Fever has ever
Thy Perſon ſae oppreſt.

LXXI.

Coud thou cum anes acquaint with *Skill*,
He kens quhat Humours does thee ill,
And how thy Cair contracks;
He knaws the Ground of all thy Greife,
And Recipies for thy Releife,
All Medicines he maks:
Cum on, quod *Skill*, content am I
To put my helping hand,
Provyiding always he apply
To Counſell and Command;
Quhyle we than, quod he, than,
Ar mindit to remain,
Gife Place now, in caſe now,
Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

Assure thyſell, gif that we ſched,
Thou ſall not get thy Purpoſe ſped,
Tak tent we haif thee tald:
Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,
The Man that will not quhen he may,
He ſall not quhen he wald.

Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wiſt,
Accept or gife us owre:
Quod I, I think me mair than bliſt
To find ſic famous four
Beſyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to-do,
Conſiddering the ſwiddering
Ze fand me firſt into.

LXXIII.

QUHEN *Courage* craiſt a Stamok ſtout,
And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,
With his Companzion *Dreid*:
Quhyls *Will* wald up aboif the Air,
Quhyls I was dround in deip *Diſpair*,
Quhyls *Hope* held up my Heid:
Sic pithy Reſouns and Replys
On ilka Syde they ſchew,
That I quha was not verie wyſe
Thocht all thair Tales wer trew
Sae mony and bony
Auld Problems they propond
Baith quicklie and liklie,
I marvled mekle ond.

LXXIV.

Hope and *Courage* wan the Feild,
ɔcht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,
But fled to find Refuge;
, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,
ıuſe ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze Juge
ıair they wer fugitive befoir,
Zou maid them frank and free,
ſpeik and ſtand in Aw nae moir,
Quod *Reaſon*, Swa ſuld be:
Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,
But even *per* Force it falls
The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,
Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

ıILK is a Fault ze maun confeſs,
ngth is not ordaind to oppreſs
With Rigour, bye the richt
on the contrair, to ſuſtein
waik-anes that owreburdent bein,
Als mekle as they micht.

Sae *Howp* and *Courage* did, quod I,
Experimented lyke
Schaw ſkuild and pithie Reſouns quhy
That *Danger* lap the Dyke.
Quod *Dreid*, Sir, tak heid,
Lang ſpeiking Part maun ſp
Inſiſt not, ze wiſt not
We went againſt our Will.

LXXVI.

With *Courage* ze wer ſae content,
Ze nevir ſocht our ſmall Conſent,
Of us ze ſtude nae Aw:
Thair Logick Leſſons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit,
Alledgence paſt for Law;
For all the Proverbs we peruſd,
Ze thocht them ſkantly ſkilld,
Our Reaſons had bein als weil ruſd,
Had ze bein als weil willd
Till our Syde as zour Syde
Sae trewlie I may term it,
We ſee now in thee now
Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII.

PERIENCE then ſmyrkling ſmyld,
: are na Bairns to be begyld,
Quod he, and ſchuke his Heid;
r Authors quha alledges us,
ıey wald not gae about the Buſs
To foſter deidlie Feid:
r we are equall for ze all,
Nae Perſon we reſpect,
'e haif bene ſae, ar zit, and ſall
Be found ſae in Effect.
Gif we wer as ze wer,
We had cumd unrequyrd,
But we now, ze ſee now,
Do naithing undeſyrd.

LXXVIII.

HAIR is a Sentence ſaid be ſum,
:t nane uncalled to Counſell cum
That welcum weins to be;
ea I haif hard anither zit,
uha cum uncallt, unſerved ſuld ſit,
Perhaps, Sir, ſae may ze.

Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,
Quod *Hope*, and lawly louts,
Gif ze wer ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the Doctour douts:
Zour Zeirs now appeir now
With Wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoicing in gloſſing,
Till ze haif tint zour Text.

LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer ſent for, let us ſe
Quha wald be welcomer than we,
Pruve that, and we are payd.
Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,
Ze ken not in quhat Caſe ze are,
Zour Tung hes zou betrayd:
The Man may ablens tyne a Stot
That cannot count his Kiaſch,
In zour awin Bow ze are owre-ſchot
Be mair than half an Inch:
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
Be ſour, quhilk ſeimeth ſweit:
I feir now ze heir now
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX.

by that Sentence ze haif ſayd,
lg or all the Play be playd,
That ſome will loſe a Laike;
e but put for me to pruve,
eids as help for my Behuve,
Zour Warrand is but waik:
at the Man zour ſelf and ſe,
Suppoſe ye ſtryve for ſtate,
ie regarded not how he
Had learnd my Leſſon late;
And granted he wanted
Baith *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
Compleining and meining
Our Abſence did him ill.

LXXXI.

IFRONT him furder Face to Face,
zit he rews his rackleſs race,
Perhaps, and ze ſall heir;
ay ſince *Adam* and ſince *Eve*,
ia firſt thy Leiſings did believe,
I ſald thy Doctrine deir;

Quhat has bein done, even to this Day
I keipt in Mynd allmaiſt,
Ze promiſe furder than ze pay,
Sir, hope for all zour Haiſt;
Promitting, unwitting,
Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,
I ſchaw zou, I knaw zou,
Zour Byganes I haif buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in Caſe a Count wer craivt,
Schaw Thouſands Thouſands thou deſaivt,
Quhair thou was trew to ane;
And by the contrair I may vaunt,
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,
I trumpit nevir a Man,
But trewly tald the nakit Truth
To Men that melld with me,
For nowther Rigour nor for Reuth,
But only laith to lie:
To ſum zit, to cum zit,
Thy Suckour will be ſlicht.
Quhilk I then maun try then,
And regiſter it right.

LXXXIII.

, ha! quod *Hope*, and loudie leuch,
are but a Prentiſe at the Pleugh,
Experience ye prieve;
poſe all Byganes as ze ſpak,
are nae Prophet worth a Plak,
Nor I bund to believe:
ſuld not ſay, Sir, till ze ſe,
But quhen ye ſe it ſay;
, quod *Experience*, at thee
Mak mony Mints I may,
By Signs now, and Things now
Quhilk ay before me beirs,
Expreſſing by gueſſing
The Perril that appears.

LXXXIV.

EN *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,
l wyſelie weyd his Words therwith,
Sententiouſlie and ſhort:
od he I am the Anchor Grip
at ſaifs the Sailours and their Ship,
Frae Perril to thair Port,

Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,
As we haif fund befoir
And loſes mony thouſand Lyves,
By Shipwrack on the Shore.
Zour grips aft, but ſlips aft
Quhen Men haif maiſt to do,
Syne leivs them and reivs them
Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV.

Thou leifs them not thy ſelf alane.
But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,
Gars Courage quhat them als;
Quod *Hope*, I wald ze underſtude,
I grip faſt gif the Grund be gude,
And fleit quhair it is falſe;
Ther ſuld nae Fault with me be fund;
Nor I accuſd at all,
Wyte ſic as ſuld haif plumd the Grund,
Befoir the Anchor fall,
Their Leid ay at Neid ay,
Micht warn them if they wald,
Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,
Or haif gude Anchor hald.

LXXXVI.

If ze reid richt it was not I,
ut only Ignorance quhairby
Thair Carvells all were cloven.
am not for a Trumper tane,
ll, quod *Experience*, is ane,
I haif my Proceſs proven,
To wit, that we wer calld ilk ane,
To cum before we came;
That now Objection ze haif nane,
Zourſelf may ſay the ſame:
Ze are now owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Perſave then, ze haif then,
The warſt End of the Trie.

LXXXVII.

Quhen *Hope* was gawd into the Quick,
Quod *Courage*, kicking at the Prick,
We let ze weil to wit.
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, fareweil he,
Except he ſeik us zit:

He underſtands his awn Eſtate,
Let him his Chiftains chuſe;
Bat zit his Battill will be blate,
Gif he our Forſs refuſe;
Refuſe us to chuſe us,
Our Counſell is he clim;
But ſtay he or ſtray he,
We haif nae Help for him.

LXXXVIII.

Except the Cherrie be his Choſe;
Be ze his Friends we are his Foes,
His Doings we diſpyte;
Gif we perſave him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the Slae,
His Companie we quyte:
Then *Dreid* and *Danger* grew full glad,
And wont that they had won;
They thocht all ſeild that they had ſaid,
Sen they had firſt begun;
They thocht then they moucht then,
Without a Party pleid,
But zet thair, with Wit thair,
They wer dung doun with Speid.

LXXXIX.

Dreid and *Danger* then, quod *Wit*,
I zour ſells to me ſubmit,
Experience can proife,
quod *Experience*, I paſt,
awin Confeſſions make them faſt,
They may nae mair remoife;
if I richt remember me,
This maxime then they made,
it, the Man with Wit ſould wey
Quhat Philoſops haif ſaid,
Quhilk Sentance Repentance
Forbad him deir to buy.
They knew then how trew then,
And preſsd not to reply.

XC.

:HT he dang *Dreid* and *Danger* doun,
urage could not be owrecum;
Hope hecht him ſic a Hyre;
iocht himſell, how ſone he ſaw
nemies were laid ſae law,
It was nae Tyme to tyre;

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,
In caſe it ſould grow cauld;
For he eſteemt his Faes defate,
Quhen anes he fand them fald;
Thoch we now, quod he now,
Haif bein ſae frie and frank,
Unſocht zit he mocht zit,
For Kyndneſs cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it ſae as thou haſt ſaid,
That unrequird we proffert Aid,
At leiſt that came of Luve.
Experience ze ſtart owre ſone,
Ze naithing dow till all be done,
And then perhaps ze pruve
Mair plain than pleaſant to perchance,
Sum tell that have zou tryt,
As faſt as ze zour ſell advance;
Ze cannot weil denyt:
Abyde then zour Tyde then,
And wait upon the Wind,
Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,
To hald ze ay behind.

XCII.

HEN ze haif done ſum duchtie Deids,
e ze ſuld ſe how all ſucceids,
To wryt them as they wer;
nd, huly, haſt not half ſae faſt,
ſt, quod *Experience*, at laſt,
Ze buy my Doctrine deir;
pe puts that Haſt into zour Heid,
Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain;
wbeit Fulis haſt cums huly Speid,
r Hechts will mak Fulis Fain.
Sic Smyling begyling
Bids Feir not any Freits;
Zit I now deny now,
That all is gold that gleits.

XCIII.

PROSE not Silver all that ſhynes,
tymes a tentleſs Merchand tynes,
For bying Geir begeſs;
r all the Vantage and the winning,
de Buyers get at the Beginning.
Quod *Courage* nocht the leſs.

Quhyls as gude Merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,
Suppoſe the Pack cum to the Pins,
Quha can his Chance eſchew.
Then gude Sir, conclude Sir,
Gude Buyers haif done baith,
Advance then, tak Chance then
As ſundrie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

QUHA wiſt quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Sould neid to traffique but a Zeir,
Gif things to cum were kend:
Suppoſe all bygane Things be plain,
Zour Propheſie is but prophane,
Ze had beſt behald the End;
Ze wald accuſe me of a Cryme,
Almaiſt beſoir we met,
Torment zou not beſoir the Tyme,
Since Dolour pays nae Det,
Quhats bypaſt that I paſt,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by Dume zit,
Confeſs ze haif nae Feil.

XCV.

r, quod *Experience*, quhat then,
ha may be meiteſt for the *Man*,
Let us his Anſwer haif;
hen they ſubmitted them to *me*,
To *Reaſon* I was fain to flie,
His Counſell for to craif.
od *he*, ſince ze zourſelves ſubmit,
To do as I decreit;
ll advyſe with *Skill* and *Wit*,
Quhat they think may be meit;
They cryd then, we byde then,
At *Reaſon* for refuge;
Allow him and trow him,
As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

HEN ſaid they all with ane Conſent,
hat he concludes we are content
His Bidding to obey;
hath Authoritie to uſe,
en tak his choice quhom he will chuſe,
And langer not delay:

Then *Reaſon* raiſe and was rejoild,;
Quod he myn hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compoſd,
That we may gang togidder;
To all now I ſall now
His proper Place aſſign,
That they heir ſall ſay heir,
They think nane ather thing.

XCVII.

Come on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,
Ze underſtand baith Gude and Ill,
In Phyſick ze are ſyne,
Be Mediciner to the Man,
And ſchaw ſic Cunning as ze can,
To put him out of Pyne;
Firſt gaird the Grund of all his Grief
Quhat Sicknes ze ſuſpect,
Syn luk quhat laiks for his Relief,
Or furder he infeck.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him zour gude Advyce,
And pance not, nor ſtance not,
The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIII.

ıock it be cummerſom quhat reck,
d out the Cauſe by the Effect,
And working of his Veins;
quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
irſt quhat Faſhion may be fund,
To pacifie his Pains:
quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
And for that Purpoſe preiſe,
t aff the Cauſe, the Effect maun fail,
Sae all his Sorrows ceiſe,
His Fever ſall nevir
Frae thenceforth haif a Forſs,
Then urge him to purge him,
He will not wax the warſe.

XCIX.

ɔTH *Skill*, his Sences are ſae ſick,
naw na Liquor worth a Leik
To quench his deidlie Drouth,
ɛpt the Cherry Help his Heit,
ıais ſappy Slokning ſharp and ſweit,
Micht melt into his Mouth,

And his Melancholy remuve,
To mitigate his Mynd,
Nane hailſomer for his Behuve,
Nor of mair cooling Kynd.
Nae *Nectar* directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor ſend him to mend him,
Nane lyke it I believe.

C.

For Drouth decays, as it digeſts;
Quhy then, quod *Reaſon*, naithing reſts;
But how it may be had?
Maiſt trew, quod *Skill*, that is the Scope,
Zit we maun haif ſum Help of *Hope*.
Quod *Danger* I am red,
His Haſtyneſs bred us Miſhap;
Quhen he is highlie horſt;
I wiſs we lukit or we lap.
Quod *Wit*, that wer not warſt.
I mein now convein now
The Counſell ane and all,
Begin then call in then;
Quod *Reaſon*, ſae I ſall.

CI.

IEN *Reaſon* raiſe with Geſture grave,
lyve conveining all the lave,
To heir quhat they wald ſay,
ith Silver Scepter in his Hand,
Chiftain choſen to command,
And they bent to obey.
:-panſed lang befoir he ſpak,
And in a ſtudie ſtude,
ne he began and Silents brak
Cum on, quod he, conclude
Quhat Way now we may now
Zon Cherrie cum to catch,
Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,
Haif done, let us Diſpatch

CII.

OTH *Courage*, ſkurge him firſt that ſkars,
ich Muſing Memorie but mars,
I tell you myne intent.
od *Wit*, quha will not partlie panſe,
Perils periſhes perchanſe,
Owre rackles may repent.

Then, quod *Experience*, and ſpak,
Sir, I have ſein them baith,
In Braidieneſs and lye aback,
Eſcape and cum to ſkaith:
But quhat now of that now,
Sturt follows all Extreams;
Retain then the Mein then,
The ſureſt Way it ſeims.

CIII.

QUHAIR ſum has furderd, ſum has faild;
Quhair Part has periſht, Part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quod *Hope*, for Feir Folk maun not faſh,
Quod *Danger* let not licht:
Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor raſh;
Quod *Reaſon* ze haif Richt:
The Reſt then thocht beſt then,
Quhen Reaſon ſaid it ſae,
That roundlie and ſoundlie
They ſuld togidder gae.

CIV.

) get the Cherrie in all Haſt,
for my Saftie ſerving maiſt,
Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* leird,
ie Perril of that irkſom Way,
ſt that thairby I ſould decay,
Quha then ſae weak appeird:
t *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſyde,
Quha with them wont contend,
d tak in Hand us all to gyde,
Unto our Journeys end,
Implaidging and waidging
Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
Provyding the Gyding
To them were granted ſyne.

CV.

HRN *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal
lledging it could neir be weil,
Nor zit wald they agrie;
ut ſaid they ſould ſound thair Retreit,
ecauſe they thocht them nae Ways meit,
Conductors unto me;

Nor to no man in myne Eſtate,
With Sickneſs ſair oppreſt;
For they tuke ay the neireſt Gate
Omitting of the beſt.
Thair neireſt perquiereſt,
Is always to them baith,
Quair they, Sir, may ſay, Sir,
Quhat recks them of zour Skaith

CVI.

But as for us twa now we ſweit
Be him befoir we maun appeir,
Our full Intent is now,
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That Purpoſe for to bring to paſs,
Sae is not thairs I trow;
Then *Hope* and *Courage*, did atteſt,
The Gods of baith theſe Parts,
Gif thy wrocht not all for the beſt
Of me with upricht Heart:
Our Chiftain then liftan
His Scepter did enjoyn
Nae moir thair uproir there;
And ſae there Stryfe was done.

CVII.

UIKING *Dreid* and *Danger* ſair,
poſe they meint weil evirmair
To me as they had ſworn;
uſe thair Nibours they abuſit
wa far as they had accuſit
Them, as ze hard beforn.
he not els, quod he, conſent
The *Cherrie* for to pou?
d *Danger*, we are weil content,
But zit the manner how;
We ſall now evin all now,
Get this *Man* with us thair,
It reſts then ands beſt then
Zour Counſell to declair

CVIII.

IL ſaid, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now
thairto will accord with zou,
And ſall abyde by them;
as beſoir we did ſubmit,
we repeit the ſamyn zit,
We mynd not to reclaim:

Quhome they ſall chuſe to gyde the Way,
We ſall them follow ſtraight,
And furder this Man, quhat we may,
Becauſe we haif ſae hecht;
Promitting, bot flitting,
To do the Thing we can,
To pleiſe baith, and eiſe baith
This ſilly ſickly Man.

CIX.

QUHEN *Reaſon* heard this, then quod he,
I ſe zour chiefeſt ſtay to be,
That we haif namd nae Gyde:
The worthy Counſell hath therfoir,
Thocht gude that *Wit* ſuld gae befoir,
For Perrils to provyde.
Quod *Wit*, Ther is but ane of three,
Quhilk I ſall to ze ſchaw,
Quhairof the firſt twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw;
The Way heir ſae ſtey heir,
Is that we cannot clim,
Evin owre now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

CX.

ɛ next gif we gae doun about,
hyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,
The Streim is thair ſae ſtark,
d alſo paſſeth waiding deip,
id Braider far than we dow leip,
It ſuld be ydle Wark;
grows ay braider to the Sea,
Sen owre the Lin it came,
he rinning Deid dois ſignifie
The deipneſs of the ſame:
I leive now to deive now,
How that it ſwiftly ſlyds,
As ſleiping and creiping,
But Nature ſae provyds.

CXI.

ur Way then lyes about the Lin,
ghairby I warrand we ſall win,
It is ſae ſtraight and plain,
he Watter alſo is ſae ſchald,
Ve ſall it paſs, evin as we wald,
With Pleſour and bot Pain:

For as We ſe a Miſchief grow
Aſt of a feckleſs Thing,
Sae lykways dois this River flow
Forth of a prettie Spring;
Quhois Throt, Sir, I wot, Sir,
Ze may ſtap with zour Neive,
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir
Experience can preive.

CXII.

THAT, quod *Experience*, I can,
And all ze ſaid ſen ze began,
I ken to be a Truth.
Quod *Skill*, The ſamyn I apruve;
Quod *Reaſon*, Then let us remuve,
And ſleip nae mair in Sleuth:
Wit and *Experience*, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a Pace,
The *Man* ſall cum with *Skill* and *me*
Into the ſecond Place
Attowre now zou Four now
Sall cum into a Band,
Proceiding and leiding
Iſk uther be the Hand.

CXIII.

Reaſon ordert, all obeyd,
e was owre raſch, nane was affrayd,
Our counſell was ſae wyſe,
ſf our Journey, *Witt* did note,
ſand it trew in ilka Jot,
God bliſs the Enterpryſe:
evin as we came to the Tree,
Quhilk as ze heard me tell,
ld not be clum thair ſuddenlie,
The Fruit, for Rypeneſs, fell;
Quhilk haiſting and taiſting,
I fand myſelf relievd
Of Cairs all and Sairs all
That mynd and Body grievd.

CXIV.

ISE be to God my LORD thairfoir,
a did myne Helth to me reſtoir,
Being ſae lang Tyme pynd;
bleſſed be his haly Name,
a did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
Me quha was ſae unkynd.

All Nations alſo magnifie.
This evirliving LORD,
Lat me with zou, and zou with me,
To laud Him ay accord;
Quhois Love ay we prove ay
To us abone all Things,
And kiſs Him and bliſs Him,
Quhois Glore eternall rings.

FINIS.

THE

Juſting and Debate up at the Doun. *twixt* William Adamſon *and* John Sym.

I.

THE Grit Debate and Turnament
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,
as for a luſty Lady gent,
Betwixt twa Fricks ſae fell;
r *Mars* the God armipotent
Was not ſae ferſs himſell,
or *Hercules*, that Aiks uprent,
And dang the Deil of Hell
With Horns that Day.

II.

Doubtleſs was not ſic duchty Deids
Amangſt the dowſy Peirs
Nor zit nae Clerk in ſtory reids
Of ſae triumphand Weirs;
To ſe how ſtoutly on their ſteids,
The ſtalwart Knychtis ſteirs
Quhyle Bellies bair with brodding bleids
With Spurs as ſcherp as Breirs,
And kene that Day.

III

Up at the *Doun* the Day was ſet,
And fixed was the Feild,
Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met
Enarmit under Shield;
They wer ſae haſty and ſae het,
That nane of them wad zield,
But to debait or be doun bait,
And in the Quarrel kield,
Or ſlane that Day.

IV.

ERE was ane better and ane werſe,
wald that it were wittin,
William wichtar was of Corſe
Than *Sym*, and better knittin.
ſaid, He ſet nocht by his Forſs,
Sat hecht he ſuld be hittin,
d he micht counter *Will* on Horſs,
For *Sym* was better ſittin
Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

ſee the Stryve came Zonkers ſtout,
And mony a galziart Man,
Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,
The Wyne on broch it ran:
umpetts and Schalms with a Schout,
Play'd or the Rink began,
d equal Juges ſat about
To ſee quha tint or wan
The Fickl that Day.

VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs ſquair,
It was their Interpriſe,
To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
For luve as is the Gyſe;
A Friend of theirs, throu hap came thair,
And heard the Roumor, ryſe,
He ſtall away their Stings baith clair,
And hid in ſecret Wayes,
For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and mickle Micht
Wer ſet them for to furdir:
The Harald cryd, God ſchaw the richt
Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my Speir? ſays *Sym* the Knicht
Sum Man go bring it hidder;
But wald they tarry thair all nicht,
Thair Launces cam too lidder
And ſtaw that Day.

VIII.

ery as a Fown,
the Horſe he ſlaid,
ew my Saff has ſtown,
e his Deid.
ow plicht to the Powin,
or for Feid,
Trie had nevir grown,
Speir was maid
To juſt this Day.

IX.

ow maid to Sune and Mune,
baith to reſt,
eſch with their Disjune,
ir Armour kiſt;
f the Deid was done,
ſuld baif fawn beſt,
piſcht out lang or Nune,
er ſuld baif dreſt,
And dicht up at the *Doun* that Day.

X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
Far mair than of beforne,
They wist not how to get him pynd,
That them had driven to Scorn:
Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,
But braid Aiths haif they sworn,
He suld deir Buy be they had dynd,
And ban that he was born,
Up at the *Doun* that Day.

XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them boun,
Reid-wod of this Reproach,
Thair was baith Wyne and Venison,
And Barrells ran on brotch.
They band up Kyndnes in that Toun,
Nane frae his Feir to fotch,
For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
For Fowness, up at *Dalkieth* that D

XII.

Denner raise the Din,
the Toun on Stair,
as wyse and held him in,
was in a Fair.
if Bargain could not blin,
kkit *Will* on Weir,
thou wald this Lady win,
urth and break a Spair
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIII.

still for Bargin *Sym* abydes,
schoutit *Will* to Schame,
w his Fans on baith the Sydes,
sair he dred for Blame:
hortly to his Horse he slydes
l says to *Sym* be Name,
we baith were hyand Hydes
d Wedder Skins at home,
Nor here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIV.

Now is the Grume that was ſae grim
Richt glad to live in Lie,
Fy, thief, for Schame, cryes litle *Sym*,
Wilt thou not fecht with me!
Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
Nor I am be ſic thrie:
And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
Sae cowardly tuke the Flie
For Feir up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XV.

THEN every Man gave *Will* a Mock,
And ſaid he was owre mick.
Says *Sym*, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,
I ſall not be to ſick;
For were ze fourſum in a Flock,
I compt ze not a Leik,
Tho I had naithing but a Rok
To gar zour Rumples reik
Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they ſaw *Sym* ſic Courage tae,
And *Will* mak it ſae teuch:
Sym lap on Horſe-back lyk a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze ſuld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder
And bad *Will* follow faſt;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did ſunder,
Be he Mid-hill, had paſt,
William ſaw *Sym* in ſic a Blunder,
To gae he was agaſt;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Curſour ſuld him caſt,
And hurt him up at *Dalkieth*, that Day

XVIII.

THEN all the Zonkers bad him zield,
Or doun the Glen to gang;
Sum cryd the Couard ſuld be kield.
Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;
Sum ruſchd, ſum rumbled, and ſum zield,
Sum be the Bewis hic hang:
Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,
They were ſae fou and pang,
With Eiſe up at *Dalkieth* that Day

XIX.

THEN jelly *Johe* came in a jak,
To Field quhair he was feid it,
Abune his Brand a Buckler black,
Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;
He ſlipit ſwiftly to the Slak,
And rudly doun he raid it,
Before his Curpall was a Crak,
Could nae Man tell quha maid it,
For Lauchter up at *Dalkieth* that day.

XX.

ıt than the Bougil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, ſaid *Sym*, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They paſſed every ane,
Iyne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,
And ſindry Gaits are gane,
To reſt them within the Town that Nicht.

XXI.

His *Will* was he beguild the *May*,
And did hir Marriage ſpill;
Ie promiſt hir to let him play,
Hir purpoſe to fulfill;
rae ſcho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
uherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as Coward falſe of Fay.

Finis quod SCOT.

On MAY

I.

MAY is a Month maiſt amene
For them in *Venus* Service bene,
To recreate their heavy Hearts:
May cauſes Courage frae the Splene,
And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

In *May* the pleaſant Spray upſprings,
In *May* the mirthful Mavis ſings,
And now in *May* to maidens falls,
With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

In *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,
With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
In *May* gois Gentlewoman gymmer,
In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV.

In *May* quhen Men zied everichone,
With *Robene Hoid* and *Littil-John*,
To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbyns;
Now all ſic Game is faſtlings, gone
But gif it be amangs cloria *Robbyns*.

V.

Abbotts by Rule, and Lords bot Reaſon,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owreweil this Seaſon,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falſit Feibleneſs and Treaſon,
Has rung thryſs owre this Zodiack.

VI.

In *May* begins the Gowk to gail;
In *May* Deir draw to Doun and Dale,
In *May* Men Melis with Famynie,
And Ladys meit their Luviars leil,
Quhen *Phebus* is in *gemini*.

VII.

Butter, new Cheiſe, and Beir in *May*.
Connans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,
Lapſters, Lempets, Muſſels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all ſic Men may ſey,
Suppoſe ſum of them fourly ſmells.

VIII.

In *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
Sum halks the Walters, ſum with Hounds,
The Hares out throw the Foreſt catches,
Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,
To ſcent the Ryninng of the Ratches.

IX.

In *May* frank Arche's will affix
Anc Place to meit, ſyne Marrows mix,
To ſchute at Butts, at Banks and Braes,
At Revers ſum, ſum at the Prikks,
Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

X.

In *May* Men of Amours ſuld gae
To ſerve their Ladies and nae mae;
Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;
For ſum may cum in Favour ſae,
To kiſs their Luve on *Buchan* Wayes.

XI.

In *May* gois Damoſells and Dams
In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;
Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;
Sum rin at Barlabricks like Rams,
Sum round about the ſtanding Pillars.

XII.

n *May* gois Maidens till *La Reit*,
nd hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
To horse them quhair the Gate is ruch:
um at *Inchbuckling-brae* they meit,
Sum in the Mids of *Musslebrugh*.

XIII.

o *May* and all thir Moneths three,
re het and dry in thair Degrie;
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
'or Health of Body now haif ze,
Not aft to mell with *thankles Mouth*.

XIV.

en every Pastyme is at Pleasure,
counell you to sport with Measure,
And namely now *May*, *June* and *July*,
Delyt not lang in Luvers Leasure,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

Quod ALEX. SCOT.

VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs ſquair,
It was their Interpriſe,
To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
For luve as is the Gyſe;
A Friend of theirs, throu hap came thair,
And heard the Roumor, ryſe,
He ſtall away their Stings baith clair,
And hid in ſecret Wayes,
For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and miekle Micht,
Wer ſet them for to furdir:
The Harald cryd, God ſchaw the richt,
Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my Speir? ſays *Sym* the Knicht,
Sum Man go bring it hidder;
But wald they tarry thair all nicht,
Thair Launces cam too lidder
And ſlaw that Day.

VIII.

as fery as a Fown,
ae the Horſe he ſlaid,
all rew my Saff has ſtown,
ll be his Deid.
s Vow plicht to the Powin,
our or for Feid,
the Trie had nevir grown,
my Speir was maid
To juſt this Day.

IX.

wa now maid to Sune and Mune,
aikit baith to reſt,
refreſch with their Disjune,
their Armour kiſt;
ing of the Deid was done,
they ſuld baif fawn beſt,
was piſcht out lang or Nune,
Jenner ſuld baif dreſt,
And dicht up at the *Doun* that Day.

X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
Far mair than of beforne,
They wist not how to get him pynd,
That them had driven to Scorn:
Ther was nae Death micht be devynd,
But braid Aiths haif they sworn,
He suld deir Buy be they had dynd,
And ban that he was born,
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For there was nowther Lad nor Loun
Micht eat a Bakin-lotch
For Fowness, up at *Dalkie*

XII.

r Denner raise the Din,
the Toun on Steir,
as wyse and held him in,
was in a Feir.
if Bargain could not blin,
kit *Will* on Weir,
hou wald this Lady win,
rth and break a Speir
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIII.

ll for Bargin *Sym* abydes,
outit *Will* to Schame,
his Faes on baith the Sydes,
r he dred for Blame:
tly to his Horse he slydes
ys to *Sym* be Name,
baith were byand Hydes
'edder Skins at hame,
'or here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

SCHO ſuld haif fund me Meil and Malt,
And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
But neir a *Scots* Wyfe could haif ſaid,
That eir I Skaithd her a pure Flie.
To ſeik het Water beneth cauld Yce,
Surely it is a great Folie;
I haif aſked Grace at a graceles Face,
But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUT had I kend or I came frae Hame,
How thou unkind wadſt bene to me.
I wad haif kept the Border Syde.
In ſpyte of all thy Force and thee.
Wiſt *Englands* King that I was tane,
O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
For anes I ſlew his Siſters Son,
And on his Breiſt-bane brak a tree.

JOHN wore a Girdle about his Midle,
Imbroidred owre with burning Gold,
Beſpangled with the ſame Mettle,
Maiſt beautifull was to behold.

ier hang nine Targats at *Johnys* Hat,
And ilka an worth three hundred Pound
hat wants that Knave that a King ſuld haif,
But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.

quhair gat thou theſe Targats, Johnie,
That blink ſae brawly abune thy Brie?
gat them in the Field fechting
Quher cruel king, thou durſt not be.
id I my horſe and my Harneſs gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be,
ſould haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
he Meiting of my King and me.

OD be withee, *Kirſty*, my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun*;
ng mayſt thou dwell on the Border-Syde,
Or thou ſe thy Brither ryde up and doun,
nd GOD be withee, *Kirſty*, my Son,
Quhair thou ſits on thy Nurſes Knee;
it and thou live this Hundred Zeir.
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

FARWEIL, my bony *Gilnockhall*,
Quhair on *Eſk* ſyde thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
Gif I had leived but ſeven Zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
John murdred was at *Carlinrigg*,
And all his galant Companie;
But *Scotlands* Heart was never ſae wae,
To ſee ſae mony brave Men die.

BECAUSE they ſavd their Country deir
Frae *Engliſhmen*; nane were ſae bauld,
Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-ſyde,
Nane of them durſt cum neir his Hald.

)f heidſtrang Zouth ill to command,
ſdvyſd to keip a Hank in Hand.

) Gallants all, I cry and call,
Keip ſtrenth, quhyle that ze haif it,
at ze ſall, quhan ze are thrall,
ie Tyme the Dub be lavit.
wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,
ith Courage hie on loft;
)ſe great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,
ware drink not owre aft.

but a Liſt, ſuppoſe ze thrift,
ur Mouth at Leaſure cule,
Mynd ſoliſt weil to reiſt,
nger leſts Zeir than Zule.

Tho ze ryd faſt, caſt not owre aft
Zour Speir into the Reiſt,
With Stuff uncoſt, ſet upon loſt,
Enouch is even a Feiſt.

In *Cupids* Grace ſuppoſe ze trace,
Thinkand zour ſell abune,
Ze may percaſe caſt *Daweis* Ace,
And ſae be lotchit ſune.
Frae Tyme ze ſtank into the Bank,
And Drypoynt cumis in Play;
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,
Or all be paſt away.

Frae thou rin tume, as I preſume,
Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
Thee to conſume with Fyre alume,
That Bourd may be forborn.
Far in that Play, I ſuthly ſay,
Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may gae Way
Then art thou all forhowi

:RANCE has no Luvance,
ou be bair thairben,
:mblance, is no Pleſance,
pithles grows thy Pen.
ɔu has done thy Det abune
ten in the Feild,
ay, ſune get thee an Spune.
baith Speir and Sheild.

ı inlaiks to lay on Straiks,
/ne, my Son *adieu*;
Roum vaiks, an uther takes
lace to perſue.
auns are big, abune to lig,
in time to ceiſe:
d tig. ſyne Grace to thig,
a pityous Preis.

RE bewar, hald thee on far,
ſwair for to prys,
tar, then get the War,
Merchandyſe.

Mak thou nae Vant, owre aft to hant
In Places dern thair doun,
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is ſcant
To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
For ſhuiting at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Subſtance rins,
They get no Genzell Ells
In Tyme let be, I counſell thee,
Uſe not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they ſee, they bleir thyne Ee,
And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou ſuppoſe haif at thy Chois,
I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Poſe, tyne not thy hois,
Wair not all in that wains.
Frae Tyme ſcho ſee under thyne Ee,
The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
Thou maun let be ſic Hunts,

Thou luke cheſt, *adieu* that Faiſt,
To hunt into that Schaw,
Syn on that Beiſt at thy requieſt,
Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Sin that Stoup frae Tyme thou ſowp,
And Wirdis to be ſweir,
Makes a Stop, when they ſould hop,
Adieu the Thriſſil deir.

THEREFORE albeit thy Hounds haif ſpeid
To rin owre aft let be,
My maiſt Neid ſometyme bot Dreid,
They will rebuted be;
Be aft to hound in uncouth Ground,
Thou may tak up unbatit:
Therefore had bound thocht ſcho be found,
Or dreid thy Dogs be ſlaitit.

Do is not ill that ſitteth ſtill,
Perſewed in the Sait,
At Beiſt ſcho will give thee thy fill,
Till thou be even Chakmait.

Suppoſe thou range owre all the *Gran*
And ſeik baith Syke and Sewch;
Still will ſcho menge, and make it ſtre
And give thee even enuech.

THERWITH advyſe, ſuppoſe ſcho ryſe,
Laich underneth thy Fute;
But be thou wyſe, ſcho will ſurpriſe
Thy Hounds and them rebute
In Tyme abyde, the Fields are wyde,
I counſell thee, gude Bruther;
Ill is the Gyde that ſails bot Tyde,
Syne rackleſs is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze perſue
To hunt at Evry Beiſt,
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,
Thairto haif ze no haſte.
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all an
Quhen beſt is Play, paſs hame away,
Or Dreid, Wa
Quod

The blate Luvair that fain wad, but feirs to ſpeik.

I.

MY Heart is loſt only for luve of one.
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shameſulneſs,
I dare not ſpeik my purpoſe to propone,
Nor Wat not how my purpoſe I ſall dreſs;
Speik I till hir and ſcho be mercyleſs,
And denzie not again to ſpeik to me,
Then haif I tint my ſpeiking mair and leſs,
And unſped Speich had better unſpoken be.

II.

I dare not ſpeik for Dreid that ſcho diſpyt
My rural Terms, and ſay I do but raif,
And ſpeik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
Withouten Speich hir Luve I cannot haif:
But gif I ſpeik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I ſpare to ſpeik for laik of Eloquence;
O couth ſcho without Speich my Synis perſaif,
I wald nocht ſpeik to her Magnificens.

III.

FAIN wald I ſpeik, gif ſpeiking mich
Gif ſcho for ſpeich wald ſpeik to mi
I ſpare to ſpeik for ſpilling of my Tal
Then I my ſpeiking ſpendit Haif in
To ſpeik and ſpeid not is an leſtand
How ſall I ſpeik? I dare not ſpeik for
Be it gude or ill, ſcho ſpeiks to me a
Zit ſall I ſpeik, unſpoken can nocht ſpei

IV.

QUHAT ſall I ſpeik, ſen I maun ſpeik
To hir that is of ſpeich maiſt eloque
Then I ſall ſpeik, how that my cairful
Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and
Cauſe I cannot tell hir my hail Inte
For want of Speich and ornat Termis p
Beſeiking hir with ſpeiking reverent,
That ſcho wald ſpeik to comfort me aga

Quoa

LUVE a Leveler.

I.

uve pryſis, bot Compariſon,
The Gentill and the Sempill all,
f free-will gives Wareſon,
Fortune chances to befall;
Luve maks nobill Ladyis thrall
ſer Men of Birth and Blude,
Luve gars ſobir Women ſmall
'avour with grit Men of Gude.

II.

Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,
rich nor pure to ſpeik ſuld ſpair;
uve to Hienes hes nae Heid,
r lichtſys lawlines ane Hair,
puts all perſons in compair;
Proverb plainly for to pruve,
it Men and Women, Leſs and mair,
nd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

III.

Sae thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
And I nae Lord, zit nocht the leſs,
Scho Suld my Service fynd als redy,
As Duke to Dutches docht him dreſs,
For as hie Princely Luve expreſs,
Is to haif Soverenitie,
Sae Service cums of Simpilneſs,
And lieleſt Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvairs Lair no Leid ſuld lak,
A Lord to luve a ſempill Laſs,
A Lady als for Luve to tak
Ane proper Page hir Tym to paſs;
For quhy, as bricht bene birniſt Braſs,
As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
And als gude drinking out of Glaſs
As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

Quod Sc

The Floure of Womanheid.

I.

THOU Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid
And Patroneſs of hevinly Patiens,
idy of Lawty baith in word and Deid,
Sobir, ſerene, full of Meik eloquens,
Baith gude and fair to zour Magnificens
recommend, as I haif done befoir.
y ſempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

)R evirmoir I ſall zou Service mak,
Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
n firſt I knew zour Ladyſchip, bot Lak,
All Bewtie, zouth and Womanheid ze had,
Withouten Reſt my Heart couth not evade.
hus am I zours, and ay ſenſyne haif bene
)mmandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III.

Zour twa fair Ene maks me aft ſyis to ſing,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me to ſich alſo,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
But links him faſt that gets a Sicht of them
Of every Vertue bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

Ze beir the Name of Gentilneſs of Blude,
Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid

Donald Owyres *Epitaph.*

I.

I Vyce maiſt vicious he excells,
That with the Vyce of Treaſoun melis,
Thocht he Remiſſion
Haif for Prediſſion
Schame and ſuſpiſion
Ay with him dwells.

II.

evir odious as an Howle,
e Falt ſae filthy is and foul,
Horrible to Nature
Is an Traytour,
As Feynd in *Frater*
Undir a Cowl.

III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
Upon himſell turns the Miſchief;
His fraudfull Wylis
Himſell begylis,
As in the Ylis
Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell ſtrong Traytour *Donald*
Mair Falſet had nor udir four,
Round Ylis and Seis,
In his Suplies,
On Gallow Treis,
Zit dois he glowir,

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defe
Be Practick, Powir nor Puſſiens
Thocht it frae Licht
Be ſmoird frae Sicht
GOD ſchawis the Ri
With ſoir Venge

VI.

'als Fox diſſimulator
'ilka Theif and Traytour,
After Reſpyte
To mak Deſpyte,
Mair Apptyte
He has of Nature.

VII.

ıe Tod tane a Thouſand Faud,
ace him given as aft for Fraud;
Wer he on Plane,
All wer in vain,
Frae Henns again
Micht nane him had

VIII.

furtherer ay Murther mais,
till he be ſlane he ſlays;
Wyvis thus mak Mokks
Spynand on Roks.
Ay rynns the Fox
Quhyle he Fute hes.

Quod DUNBAR.

COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obscure,
Quhlys Montane Cederis tholes the boi
steous Winds.
And myld *Plebyan* Spirits may leif secure,
Quhlys michty Tempestis tosis Imperial Mynds.

The Solsequium, *or the Lover compai ing himself to the Sun-Flowir.*

I.

LYK as the dum *Solsequium* with Cair owrecu
Dois sorrow, quhen the Sun gois out of sig
Hings doun his Heid, and droupis as deid, and w
not spreid,
But luiks his Levis throw Langour all the Nicl
Till fulisch *Phaeton* arysc with Quhip in Hand
To purge the Christal skyis, and licht the Land
Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,
And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow gives
Frae than that Flowir lists not to lour,
But lauchs on *Phebus* lowsing out his Leivs.

II.

A stands with me, except I be quhair I may se
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Luve,
: scho depairts a thousand Dairts in sindry Airts,
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Rest or Ruv
Countenance declairs my inward Grief,
I Howp almaist dispairs to find Releif.
die I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
oth on every Thing I luke, allace!
Till *Titian* myne upon me schyne,
at I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

AE Scho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir.
The Dawing of my lang desyrit Day,
en Courage crys on Howp to ryse, quhen he espyis
The noysum Nicht of Absons went away;
Noyis, frae I awalke, can me impesche,
: on my staitly Stalk I flurische fresche,
I spring, I sprout. my Levis ly out,
Collour changis in an hairtsum Hew;
Na mair I lout, but stand up stout,
glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV.

O happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* ſtay
Thy Chair frae going doun unto the Weſt,
Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak
My pleſour to behald quhome I lowe beſt.
Thy Preſens me reſtoris to Lyfe from Deth,
Thy Ablens lykways ſchoris to cut my Breth,
I wiſs in vain thee to remain,
Sen *primum mobile* ſays me always nay,
At leiſt they Wane bring ſune again,
Fareweil with Patiens *per* Forſs till day.

Quod MONTGOMR

The Firſt PSCHALME.

1.

WEIL is the Man,
Zea bliſit than,
Be Grace that can,
Ichew ill Counſale and the godleſs Gaits,
Quha walks not in
The way of Sin,
Nor dois begin
'o ſit with Mokkaris in thair ſchamefull Saits.
But in JEHOVAHS Law
Delyts aricht,
And ſtudys it to knaw
Baith Day and Nicht.
That Man ſall be lyke to an Tre
hat plantit by the ryning River grows,
Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,
uhais Levis ſall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowſe.

II.

His actions all
Ay proſper ſall:
So ſall not fall
To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand
Quhilk Day by Day
Winds dryve away:
Thairfore I ſay
The wicket in thair Jugment ſall not ſtand,
Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
Quhom GOD diſdains,
In the Aſſembly quhair
The Juſt remains.
For quhy? The LORD quha beirs Record
He Knaws the richteous Converſation ay,
But godles Gaits, quhilk he ſo haits,
Sall quickly perreiſs, and bot Dout decay.

The Twenty third PSCHALME.

I.

THE LORD maiſt hie,
I knaw Will be,
An hird to me,
cannot lang haif Streſs, nor ſtand in Neid;
He makes my lair,
In Feilds Maiſt fair,
Quhair I bot cair,
Lepoſing at my Pleaſure ſafely ſeid,
He ſweitly me convoyis
To pleiſand Springs,
Quhair naething me anoyis,
But pleaſour brings;
He brings my Mynd, fit to ſic Kynd,
That Forſs or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve:
He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,
And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

II.

THOCHT I wald ſtray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will not I diſpair, I feir none ill;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbrace,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me ſtill.
In diſpyt of my Foes.
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndneſs and Grace, Mercy and Peice,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endleſs Joy
In Hevin, quhair I ſall be with thee always.

Theſe two Pſchalmes quod MONTGOMERY.

A Diſcription of Pedder Coffes their having no Regard to Honeſty in their Vocation.

I.

IT is my Purpoſe to diſcryve
This holy perfyte Genologie
Of Pedder Knaves ſuperlative,
Pretendand to Authoritie,
That wate of nocht but beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,
That wald diſtroy Nobilitie,
And baneiſs it all Borrows Towns.

II.

THEY are declairt in ſeven Parts,
Ane ſtroppit Coffe, quhen he Begins,
Ay ſornand all and ſindry arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and ſells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And ſecondly *his* Meit he beggs.

III.

Ane Swyngeor Coſſe amangſt the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with ſubtile Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And ſains them with Deid Mens Bains;
Like *Rome* rakers with awſterne Greins,
Speikand Cur lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand puirly with Pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit *Symmie* and his Brother

IV.

Thir curriſh Coſſes that ſails owre ſune,
And Threticſum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobled Shune,
And Beir Bannocks with them they tak,
The ſchameleſs Shrews. God gie them lak,
At Nune quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,
Steil doun and ly behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

Knavatick Coſſe, miſkens himſell,
Qhen he gets on a furrit Goun;
But *Luciſer* the Laird of Hell,
Is not leſs haly than that Loun;

As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
'ith his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calt Clovis futted fleid Cuſtroun,
ill wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

E Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Diſtroys the Honour of our Nation,
ks Guids a fruſt frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,
ey are reprievt for that Regratour;
Therefore we give our Declaration
hang and draw that common Traytour

VII.

curleous Coffe, that Hege-Scraper,
He ſits at hame quhen that they bake;
at Pedder Brybour, that Sheip-keipar,
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik
wixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
than he mort into a Rakket.

VIII.

A Codroch Coſſe, he is owre rich,
And hes nae Hap his Gude to ſpend,
But lives lyke ony wariet Wretch,
And treſts never till take an End,
With Falſheid ever does him defend,
Proceiding ſtill in Avarice,
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilſome Way I wiſs.

IX.

I zou exhort all that this heir,
And raids this Bill, ze wald it ſchaw
Unto the Provoſt, and him require,
That he would give thir Coſſes the Law,
And baniſh them the Burges Raw;
And to the Shoe-ſtreit gar them ſten,
Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

Quod LINDSAY

The fyne Advyce Jock *gied his Ded.*
Zeil ken qhuen ze thir Lynes haif red.

JOCK quod his Ded, quhat will me eiſy make?
With ſtanding my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
Lying irks my Back, and gif I ſit I feil
My Hipps ar hurt; and ſein I neir ſae weil,
My Elbuck ſmarts——Quod *Jock, Pain to exyle*
Since all theſe eiſe not, beſt ein hing a quhyle.

ANSWER.

I Thank ze, *Jock*, for zour advyce,
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze *Jock*,
Weil have ze ſpoke and councild nyce;
I thank ze, *Jock*, for zour advyce.

The Ballat of the Reid-Squair, *fought* 7th July 1576.

I.

ON *July* ſeventh, the Suthe to ſay,
At the *Reid-Squair* The Tryſt was ſ
Our Wardens they affixt the Day,
And as they promiſt, ſae they met:
Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was ſure ſae feird, and then ſae fain,
They came ther Juſtice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

CARMICHAELL was our Warden then,
He cauſit the Countrey to convene,
And the Laird *Watt*, that worthy Man,
Brocht in his Surname weil be ſene:
The *Armſtrangs* that ay haif bene
A hardy Houſe, but not a hail;
The *Eliots* Honours to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of *Liddiſdail*.

THEN *Twidail* came to with Speid,
The Scherif brocht the *Douglas* doue,
With *Cranſtane*, *Gladſtane*, gude at Neid,
Baith *Rowls-Watter* and *Hawick Town*.
Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the *Trumbulls* ſtrang and ſtout;
The *Rutherfuirds*, with grit Renoun,
Convoyit the Toun of *Jedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther Clanns I can nocht tell,
Becauſe our Wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our Folk hes tane the Fell,
And plantit Pallions thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther Syde,
And ſaw cum breiſting owre the Brae,
And Sr *George Foſter* was thair Gyde,
With Fyftene hundrid Men and mae.

V.

IT greivt him ſair that Day I trow,
With Sr *John Hinrome* of *Schipſydehouſe*,
Becauſe we wer not Men enow,
He counted us not worth a Souſe;

Sr *George* was gentill meik and douſe,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre:
But zit for all his Cracking crouſe,
He rewd the Raid of the *Reid ſquyre*.

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae Anſwer mak again,
But play the Beiſt, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
Had *Tyndall*, *Redſdaile* at his Hand,
With *Cuckſdaile*, *Gladſdaile* on the Lie,
Auld *Hebſrime* and *Northumberland*.

VII.

Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
Begun with Mirrineſs and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh
The Clerk ſat doun to call the Rows,
And ſum for Ky and ſum for Ewis,
Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,
I ſaw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII.

WITH Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and ſume ſtude ſtill,
And ſum to Cairds and Dyce them ſped,
Quhyle on ane Farſtein they fyld a Bill,
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

CARMICHAELL bad them ſpeik out plainly,
And cloke nae Cauſe for Ill nor Gude,
The uther anſwering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude,
He raiſe and raxd him quhair he ſtude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows;
Then *Tyndall* hard theſe Reſouns rude,
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

THEN was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Brand,
A *Schaſtan* and a *Fennick* their,
Gude *Symmigtoun* was ſlain frae Hand.

The *Scotiſmen* cryd on ather to ſtand,
Frae Tyme they ſaw *John Robſon* ſlain:
Quhat ſuld they cry! The Kings Command
Culd cauſe nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raiſe the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boiſt,
Quhat ſuld we do with ſic a Number,
Fyve thouſand Men, into an Hoiſt?
Then *Henrie Purdie* proud hes coſt,
And verie narrowlie had Miſchiefd him,
And ther we had our *Warden* loſt,
Wart not the grit God he relivd him.

XII.

Ane uther throw the Breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had loſt him thair,
Into my Heart it ſtruk a knell;
Zit up he raiſe, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horſemen they faucht ſtout and ſnell,
And ſtude about him in the Stour.

XIII.

THEN raiſd the Slogan with ane Schout,
Fy, *Tyndall* to it, *Jedbrugh* heir:
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout,
But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He micht ſe mony a crackit Crown,
But up amang the Merchant Geir
The Buſſie wer as we were doun.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,
Fyve hundred flain into the Flicht,
But we had Peſtellets anew,
And ſchot among them as we micht.
With help of GOD the Game gade richt,
Frae Tyme the foremoſt of them fell;
Hynd owre the Know, without Gude nicht,
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell.

XV.

AND after they had turned again,
Zit *Tyndall* Men they turnd again,
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,
There had bene mae of *Scotland* ſlain:

But Jesu gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buſſing on thair Theis,
And ſae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

Sr *Francis Ruſſell* tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherſe;
Proud *Wallingtoun* was wounded ſair,
Albeit he was a *Fennick* terſs,
But gif ze wald a Souldier ſerche
Amang them all was tane that Night,
Was nane ſae wordie of our Verſe
As *Colingwood* that courteous Knight.

XVII.

Zung *Henrie* ſkapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier ſchot him with a Bow,
Scotland has Cauſe to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of *Mow*.
The Laird *Watt* did weil indeid
His Friends ſtude ſtoutly by himſell,
With litle *Gladſtane*, gude in Neid,
For *Gretein* kend not Gude be Ill.

XVIII.

'cheriff wantit not Gude-will,
'beit he micht not ficht ſae faſt:
'dart, *Hundlie* and *Hunthill*,
:e, on they laid weil at the laſt,
)t the Horſemen of the Gaird;
uld put men to avail,
: ſtoutlier ſtude out for thair Laird,
d the Lads of *Liddiſdale*.

XIX.

le Harniſe had we thair,
uld *Badrule* had on a Jack,
I richt weil, I zou declair,
h all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.
Sderſtane was not to lack,
Kirktoun, *Newtoun*, Nobill-Men,
r is all the Specialls I haif ſpak,
them that I could nocht ken.

XX.

did invent that Day of Play,
neid nocht feir to find him ſune,
John Foſter, I dare weil ſay,
d us that noyſome Afternune:

Nor that I ſpeik preciſely out,
That he ſuppoſd it wald be perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,
Gart *Tyndall* Lads begin the Quarrell.

THE

Eagle and *Robin Red-breist.*

THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with ſpred Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane Sicht
To view the ſchynand Orb of Licht:
This Ryall *Bird*, tho braif and great,
And armit ſtrang for ſtern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condeſcends
Aſtymes to treit inferiour Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That ſwiftly ſwim in Chriſtal Skyis;

Thither the valiant *Terſals* doup,
And heir rapacious *Corbies* croup,
With greidy *Gleds* and ſlie *Gormahs*,
And dinſome *Pyis* and clatterin *Daws*;
Proud *Pecocks*, and a hundred mae,
Bruſcht up thair Pens that ſolemn Day,
Bowd firſt ſubmiſſive to my Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

Mein Tyme quhyle feiſting on a Fawn
And drinking Blude frae *Lamies* drawn,
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree ſung.
He ſang the *Eagles* Ryall Lyne,
His perſing Ee and Richt divyne,
To ſway out-owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and fang:
His Flicht ſublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In ſafter Notes he ſung his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for *Jove*.

THE Monarch *Bird* with Blythneſs hard
The chaunting litil Silvan *Bard*,
Calit up a *Buzart*, quha was than
His Favourite and Chamberlane,
Swith to my Treaſury, quod he,
And to yon canty *Robin* gie
As mekle of our currant Geir
As may mentain him throw the Zeir;
We can weil ſpairt, and its his Due,
He bad, and furth the *Judas* flew,
Straight to the Brench quhair *Robin* ſung,
And with awickit lieand Tung,
Said, Ah! ze ſing ſae dull and ruch,
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
His *Majeſtie* hes a nyſe Eeir,
And nae mair of zour Stuff can beir;
Pok up zour Pypes, be nae mair ſene
At Court, I warn ye as a Frein.

HE ſpak, quhyle *Robinis* ſwelling Breiſt
And drouping Wings his Grief expreſt;

The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairt he coud nocht ſpeik,
No for the Tinſell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straicht to the Schaw he ſpred his Wing,
Reſolvit again nae mair to ſing,
Quhair Princelie Bountie is ſuppreſt,
By ſic with quhome they ar oppreſt,
Quha cannot beir (becauſe they want it.)
That ocht ſuld be to Merit grantit.

Quod AR. SCOT.

Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,
He hes us blindit lang
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na Wonder thay ga wrang:
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
Of all Iniquitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Tre

II.

Bot his Abhominatioun
The LORD hes brocht to Licht,
His Popiſche Pryde and thrinfald Crowne
Almaiſt hes loſt thair Micht.
His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
Of new found Vanitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III.

ts Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,
His Biſchoppis borne aback;
is Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,
Quhen Schavelingis went to ſack.
Vith Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,
And ſure better nor we,
lay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IV.

Carmelites and *Jacobines*,
His *Dominiks* had greit Do,
is *Cordeleiris* and *Auguſtinis*,
Sanct *Frances* Ordour to;
'hay ſillie Freiris mony Zeiris,
With babling blerit our Ee,
lay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

V.

'HE Siſteris gray, befoir this Day,
Did crune within thair Cloiſter,
'hay feit ane Freir thair Kayis to beir,
The Feind reſſave the Foſter;
ne in the Mirk ſa weill cuid wirk,
And kittill them wantounlie,
ay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI.

The blind Biſchop he culd nocht preiche,
For playing with the Laſſis;
The ſyllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,
For Almous that he aſſis;
The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the Cumpanie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VII.

The Biſchop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,
The Abbote not perſew ane
Thinkand it was ane luſtie Lyfe,
Ilk Day to have ane new ane,
In everie Place ane uncouth Face,
His Luſt to ſatisfie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VIII.

The Perſoun wald nocht have ane Hure,
Bot twa, an thay war bony;
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)
Behuiſſit to have als mony;
The Pareis Prieſt, that brutall Beiſt,
He polit thame privelie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

Of *Scotland* well, the Freiris of *Faill*,
The Lymmerie lang hes leſtit,
The Monkis of *Melros* maid gude Kail
On *Frydayis*, quhen thay faſtit;
The ſillie Nunnis keiſt up thair Bunnis,
And heiſit thair Hippis on hie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie

* * * * * *

On the Mes.

I.

KNAW ze not GOD omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
And eit of the forbiden Tre;
Had not that bliſſit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to Sin maid ſure,
Throw *Adamis* Inobedience,
(Saif CHRIST) thair was na Creature,
Maid Sacrifice for our offence;
Thair is na Sanct may ſave zour Saull,
Fra ze tranſgres,
Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*
Had baith ſaid Mes.

III.

KNAWING thair is na Chriſt bot ane,
Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,
In worſchipping of uther Goddis?
Thir Idoles that on Alteris ſtandis,
Ar Fenzeitnes,
Ze gat not GOD amang zour Handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

AND ſen na Sanct zour Saull may ſave,
Perchance ze will ſpeir at me than,
How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,
With Power baith of Beiſl and Man?

row nathing bot ane ſenzeit Faith,
For Halyneſs
entit Wayis to get thame Graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

V.

)F Marriage ze maid zou quyte,
nking it Thraldome to refraine:
nting of Wyffis is Appetyte,
t Courage micht incres againe;
y honny Lippis, ze did perſew,
Grew Gall I ges,
iking it was Contritioun trew,
To daunce ane Mes.

VI.

IF God was maid of Bittis of Breid,
e not ouklie ſax or ſevin,
had bene a mortall Feid,
ll ze had almaiſt heryit Hevin,
nony Devilis ze maun devoir,
Quhill Hell grow les,
utles we dar nocht reſtoir
Zou to zour Mes.

VII.

Gif God be transubstantiall;
In Breid, with *hoc ipſe corpus meum*,
Quhy war ze ſa unnaturall,
As tak him in zour Teith and ſla him?
Tripairtit and devydit him
At zour dum Dres,
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him
Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

Ze partit with Dame Povertie,
Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,
Fra Charitie and Chaſtitie,
With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;
That raiſit the Mother of Miſchief,
Zour Gredynes,
Beleving ay to get Relief
For ſaying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vain Veneriens,
Ze are not Sanctis (thocht ze ſeme haly)
Proude poyſonit *Epicuriens*,
Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:

Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilneſs,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis
For ſaying Mes.

X.

HAD not zourſelf begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene ſtandand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;
Ze grew ſa ſuperſtitious
In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

OUR Biſchoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht thay be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome clene effeminate,
And Freiris oft tymes previs Fulis;
For duſtifit and bob at Evin,
Do ſa incres,
Hes drevin ſum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes

XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis
From pervers Pryde and Papistrie;
GOD grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
Syne Bliss posses,
Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

SEIN Mes is nathing ellis to sy,
Bot ane wickit Inventioun,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
Gif Kingis wald Mes to *Rome* hence dryve
With Hailsines,
Suld be the Meane to have belyve
Ane End of Mes.

On Purgatorie.

I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane Sponk;
Thairfoir ſayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preiſt, Frier and Monk.

II.

THE Reik ſa wounder deir thay ſolde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair Handis.

III.

THAY knew nathing bot Conefice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV.

At Corps Preistes thay wald ſing,
For Ryches, to ſlokkin the Fyre:
Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
Was ſkaldit ſaine and lyre.

V.

Zit ſit they heich in Parliament,
Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,
Untill now that the New Teſtament
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

And thocht thay ſuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,
The mair thay blaw, full weill thay know
The mair it dois miſthryve.

HARDYKNUTE,

A

FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY ſtept he Eaſt the Wa,
And ſtately ſtept he Weſt,
Full Seventy Ziers he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin Ziers of Reſt.
He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith
Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae:
And ay his Sword tauld to their Coſt,
He was their deidly Fae.

II.

Hie on a Hill his Caſtle ſtude,
With Halls and Touris a Hicht,
And guidly Chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair he lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For Chaſt and Bewtie deimt,
Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

Full Thirtein Sons to him ſcho bare,
All Men of Valour ſtout;
In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
Nyne loſt their Lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by Liege and Land:
Hie was their Fame, hie was their Mich
And hie was their Command.

IV.

Great Love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their Siſter ſaft and deir,
Her Girdle ſhawd her Middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her Hair.

Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,
As Story ever tauld.

V.

The King of *Norſe* in Summer Tyde,
Puft up with Powir and Micht,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,
With mony a hardy Knicht:
The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King
Came, as he ſat at Dyne,
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,
Drinking the Blude reid Wyne.

VI.

"To Horſe, to Horſe, my Ryal Liege,
"Zour Foes ſtand on the Strand,
"Full Twenty thouſand glittering Spears
"The King of *Norſe* commands.
Bring me my Steed Mage *dapple grey,*
Our gude King raiſe and cry'd,
A truſtier Beaſt in all the Land
A Scots *King* neuir ſeyd.

VII.

Go, little Page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on Hill ſo hie,
To draw his Sword, the Dried of Faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little Page flew ſwift as Dart
Flung by his Maſters Arm,
Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute
And rid zour King frae Harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown Chick
Sae did his dark-brown Brow;
His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In Danger great to do;
He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glaſs,
And gien five Sounds ſae ſhrill,
That Tries in grene Wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

IX.

His Sons in manly Sport and Glie,
Had paſt the Summers Morn,
Quhen lo doun in a graſſy Dale,
They heard their Fatheris Horn.

That Horn, quod they, *neir ſounds in Peace;*
We haif other Sport to byde;
And ſune they heyd them up the Hill,
And ſune were at his Syde.

X.

LATE late Zeſtrene I weind in Peace
To end my lengthned Lyfe,
My Age micht weil excuſe my Arm
Frae manly Feats of Stryfe;
But now that Norſe *dois proudly boaſt*
Fair Scotland *to inthral,*
Its neir be ſaid of Hardyknute,
He ſeird to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothſay, *bend thy Bow,*
Thy Arrows ſchute ſae leil,
Mony a comely Countenance
They haif turnd to deidly Pale:
Brade Thomas *tak ze but zour Lance,*
Ze neid nae Weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorelands *ferſt* Heir.

XII.

MALCOM, licht of Fute ar Stag,
That runs in Foreſt wyld,
Get me my Thouſands Thrie of Men
Well bred to Sword and Schield:
Bring me my Horſe and Harniſine
My Blade of Mettal cleir.
If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

FAREWEIL my Dame ſae peirleſs gude,
And tuke hir by the Hand,
Fairer to me in Age zou ſeim,
Than Maids for Bewtie famd:
My zoungeſt Son ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately Towirs,
And ſhut the Silver Bolt that keips,
Sae faſt zour painted Bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet hir comely Chicks,
And then hir Boddice greene,
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with Silver ſcheene;

And Apron ſet with mony a Dice
Of Neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre Muir and Moſs
Owre Hills and Mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knicht
Making a heavy Mane,
Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By Treacheries falſe Gyles;
Witles I was that air gaif Faith
To wicked Womans Smyles.

XVI.

SR Knicht, gin ze were in my Bowir,
To lean on Silken Seat,
My Ladyis kyndlie Care ſould prove,
Quha neir kend deidly Hate;
Hir ſelf ſhald watch ze all the Day,
Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;
And Fairly fair zour Heart ſhald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in your Sicht.

XVII.

ARYSE, zoung Knicht, and mount zour Steid,
Full lowns the ſchynand Day,
Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis
To leid ze on the Way.
With ſmyleſs Luke and Viſage wan,
The wounded Knicht replyd,
Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent purſue,
For heir I maun abyde.

XVIII.

TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping Trie,
Culd Deith ſall end my Care.
With him nae Pleiding micht prevail,
Braif *Hardyknute* to gain,
With faireſt Words and Reaſon ſtrang,
Straif courteouſly in vain.

XIX

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattans* Land ſae wyde,
That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,
Quhen Faes his Courage ſeyd:

f *Pictiſh* Race by Mothers Syde,
Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
ord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,
Quhen he ſaiſt *Pictiſh* Crown.

XX.

low with his ferſs and ſtalwart Train,
le reicht a ryſing Heicht,
uhair braid encampit on the Dale,
Norſs Army lay in Sicht;
Yonder my valziant Sons and feris,
Our raging Revers wait
In the unconquerit Scotiſh *ſwaird*
To try with us thair Fate.

XXI.

MAK Oriſons to him that ſaiſt
Our Sauls upon the Rude,
Syne braiſly ſchaw your Veins are fill'd
With Caledonian *Blude.*
Then furth he drew his Truſty Glaive,
Quhyle Thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanſt in the Sun,
And loud the Bougills ſound.

XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill
In Haſt his Merch he made,
Quhyle, playand Pibrochs Minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade,
Thryſe welcum valziant Stoup of Weir,
Thy Nationt Schield and Pryde;
Thy King nae Reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art be his Syde.

XXIII.

Quhen Bows were bent and Darts were thra
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
The Arrows dart the Trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little Skaith to Man,
But bludy, bludy was the Field,
Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

The King of *Scots* that findle bruikd
The War that lukit lyke Play,
Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
Sen Bows ſeimt but Delay:

Quoth noble *Rothſay*, *Myne I'll keip,*
I wate its bleid a Skore.
Haſt up my merry men, cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The King of *Norſe* he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the Faucht,
But on his Forehead there did licht,
A ſharp unſonſie Shaft;
As he his Hand put up to find
The Wound, an Arrow kene,
O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand
In midſt betwene his Ene.

XXVI.

REVENGE, *revenge*, cryd *Rothſays Heir*,
Your Mail-coat ſall nocht hyde
The Strength and Sharpneſs of my Dart;
Then ſent it through his Syde:
Another Arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his Neck in twa,
His Hands then quat the ſilver Reins,
He law as Eard did fa.

R

XXVII.

SAIR bleids my Liege, ſair, ſair he bleids,
Again with micht he drew
And Geſture dreid his ſturdy Bow,
Faſt the braid Arrow flew:
Wae to the Knicht he ettled at,
Lament now Quene *Elgreid,*
Hie Dames to wail your Darlings Fall,
His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

TAKE aff, take aff his coſtly Jupe
(Of Gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the Fowlers Net throuch quhilk
His ſteily Harneſs ſhynd)
Take, Norſe, *that Giſt frae me, and bid*
Him venge the Blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended Bow,
He ſure nae Weapon feirs.

XXIX.

PROUD *Norſe* with Giant Body tall,
Braid Shoulder and Arms ſtrong,
Cryd, Quhair is Hardyknute *ſae famd,*
And feird at Britains Throne:

The Britons *tremble at his Name,*
I June full make him wail,
That eir my Sword was made ſae ſharp,
See faſt his Coat of Mail.

XXX.

THAT Brag his ſtout Heart coud na byde,
It lent him zouthfou Micht:
Syn Hardyknute *this Day,* he cryd,
To Scotlands *King I hecht,*
To *lay thee law as Horſes Huſe,*
My Word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firſt Strake eit he ſtrake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.

HORSE ene lyke gray Goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with Shame and Spyte;
Diſgracd is now my ſar famd Arm
That left thee Power to ſtryke:
Then gaif his Head a Blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to Ladies uſit
In courtly Gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

FULL ſune he rais'd his bent Body,
His Bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
Norſe ferliet too as ſair as he
To ſe his ſtately Luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a Fae,
Sae ſune his Lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether ſet,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A ſturdy Fae with Luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his Steid throw thickeſt Ranks
The hardy Zouth to quell
Quha ſtude unmuſit at his Approach
His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

THAT ſchort brown Shaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands *Geir,*
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty Poynt!
And loud he leuch in ſcir.

ains *Blude has dimd its Shyne*
Poynt cut short their Vaunt;
red the boisteris bairded Cheik,
Tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

· quhyle he in his Sadill swang,
tirrip was nae Stay,
e hang his unbent Knee,
aken he was fey:
the hardened Clay he fell,
far was hard the Thud,
nas lukit not as he lay
altering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

airless Gesture Mynd unmuvit
id he North the Plain,
in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
ı Winner ay the same;
iis Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,
meise saft Luve to bruik,
;eful *Ann* returnd his Scorn,
languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII.

In Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Chiek
All panting on the Plain,
The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native Land,
Nae mair with blythsome Sounds,
To boist the Glories of the Day,
And schaw thair Shyning Wounds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* Coast the Widowit Dame
May wash the Rocks with Teirs,
May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis
Befoir hir Mate appeirs.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in Vain,
Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,
The valziant Scots nae *Revers* thole
To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a Lie quhair stands a Cross
Set up for Monument,
Thousands full fierce that Summers Day
Filld kene Waris black Intent,

et *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praiſe *Hardyknute*,
Let *Norſe* the Name ay dried,
y how he faucht, aft how he ſpairrd,
Sal lateſt Ages reid.

XL.

OUD and chill blew the weſtlin Wind,
Sair beat the heavy Showir,
irk grew the Nicht eir *Hardyknute*
Wan neir his ſtately Towr,
is Towir that uſd with Torches blęiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at Nicht,
imd now as black as mourning Weid,
Nae Marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

HAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir
Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;
'ae blink ſhynes round my Fairly *fair,*
Nor Ward *ſtands on my Wall.*
what bodes it? Robert, Thomas, *ſay*
Nae Anſwer fits their Dreid.
and back, my Sons, I'll be zour Gyde,
But by they paſt with Speid.

XLII.

All fast I haif sped ovre Southside Faar,
There ceist his Brag of Weir,
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his Dame,
And Maiden *Fairly* fair.
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with Dreid;
Sair schuke his Body, sair his Limbs,
And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * *

LOSSARY:

OR,

XPLANATION of the *Scots* ds.

A

Abade, *abode stay-*
haſted
eit
n, coat of mail
erhaps
buve, above
ient, habit.
bove
lowward
n, oft often
i ghed
Fear
d
righted
ther

A R

Ain, *own*
Aits, *oats*
Air, *time Paſt*
Air, *ſoon, early,* item *heir*
Aith, *oath*
Akerbraid, *breadth of an acre*
Alaft, *aloft*
Allane, *allone*
Almous, *alms*
Alkynd, kind, or ſort of
Als, as, and
Amene, *pleaſant*
Ane, *one*
Anes, anis, *once*
Antetewme, *Example*
Apenit, *opened*
Apleis, *pleaſe*
Arles, *earneſt*

Artilzie, *artillery*
Aſs, *aſh*
Aſſailziet, *aſſailed*
Attains, *at once*
Attemperit, *tempered*
Attowre, *out over*
Attercap, *a waſp*
Avalziet, *avoided*
Aventure, *adventure*
Aver, *a horſe*
Averil, *ſenſeleſs fellow*
Aucht, *ought*, item *eight*.
Auld, *old*
Aw, *owe*
Awin, *own*
Awis, *ows*
Aureat, *golden*
Ayd, *aid*
Avyſe, *advice*
Aynd, *breath*

B A

BAID, bade, *did abide*
Band, *bound*
Banes or Bains, *bones*
Bair, *bare*
Bannocks, *Bread*
Bairn, Bern, *child, youth*
Baith, *both*
Bale, or Beal, *ſorrow*
Balmit, *embalmed*
Ban, *to curſe*
Bang, *to move haſtily*
Barbir, *barbarous*
Barbulziet, *to confuſe*
Barret, *a ſort of liquor*
Barrow Trams, Staves of a *Barrow*
Barm, *yeſt*
Barmy, *fermented and muddy*
Bauld, *bold*
Bawſy, *white fac'd*
Bedene, *immediately*
Befoir, beforn, *before*
Beſt, *beaten*
Begouth, *begun*
Begylit, *beguiled*
Behald *behold*
Behoif, *behove*
Beil, *any ſhelter againſt the inclemency of the weather*
Belyve, *immediately*
Bellies, *bellows*
Beik, *to baſk or warm*
Beims, *beams*
Beir, *to bear* item *to mean*
Beir, *barley*
Beit, *help*
Ben, *inner part of a houſe*
Bene, *bean*
Bene, *been*
Bent, *the field*
Berkit, *barkened*
Beſeik, *beſeech*
Beſwakit, *blanched*,
Betwiſch, *betwixt*
Bewis, *boughs*
Bewtie, *beauty*
Bezond, *beyond*
Bigg, *build*
Biggit, *built*
Bikkerit, *contended*
Bink, *bench*
Bin, *been*
Biquour or Bicker *a large cup or diſh*
Birkin Bobyns, *a knot of birch leaves*
Birs, briſtle
Birn to burn
Birniſk, burniſhed
Biſſilie, buſtle

a ſtrok, item, *a big*
of---
nd
to mix
wet
aſhful
blow
to bable
h, butter milk
e make the eyes red or
ooked
r, to ſtammer and ſpeik
'enſe
a ſmall fight item *to*
kle
t, looked haſtily
, bloom
, blood
, furniſhed
ord, meſſage
, bought
warſh
to boaſt
to vomit
, beautiful item *little*
ugs or Buiting, Boots
nt, item *without*
ars. Rafters
, the body. item *bulk*
ill a young bull, item *his*
rn
, ready to go
d, a ſport, item *to ſport*
ſtcous, boiſterous
ſter, a Bolſter
, a fold of cattle
d, a ſword
nd, the muſcels
glit, brand ſhed
brave
and, grunſing

Bratle, *to cloſh*
Braw, *brave, fine*
Brae, *ſide of a hill, Bank of a river*
Braid, *broad* item *to haſte, ariſe*
Braids *or* Brade, *is like, or takes after*
Brais *or* brace, *Embrace*
Braſh, *bruſh*
Breiks, *breeches*
Bricht, *bright*
Brie, *eye brow*
Brikean, *brillant*
Brim, *fierce*
Brocht, *brought*
Brod, *to prick or ſpur*
Brock, *the badger*
Browdin, *fond of*
Browſter, *brewer*
Brudie, *teeming, fertile*
Bruik *brook or enjoy*
Bruikit, *blackened*
Brukil, *brittle*
Brynt, *brunt*
Bud, *bryde*
Buke *or* Buik, *book*
Buith, *booth or ſhop*
Buith-meal, *ſtop rent*
Buiting, *booty*
Bundin, *bound*
Bun, *arſe*
Bure *did bear*
Burn *a brook*
Burde, *board*
Burdoun, *a palmers ſtaff*
Buſhment, *men laying in ambuſh*
Buſs, *a buſh*
Bute, *help, advantage*
But *and* bet, *without*
Byre, *cow houſe*

C A

CA *call*
Cabroch, *poor lean flesh*
Cadgers, *higlers*
Calit, *called*
Champion *champion*
Cankart, *angry*, item, *ulcerated*
Canny, *happy convenient*
Canty, *chearful*
Caprousy *an upper Garment*
Carline, *an old woman*
Carp, *to talk*
Carvel *a kind of ship*
Caſt, *a throw*
Cative *or* Captif *Captive or Slave*
Cawd *called*
Cawf, *calf*
Cawk, *chalk*
Cawkit, *did ſcyte*
Cauld, *cold*
Ccis, *to ceaſe*
Celcitude, *highneſs*
Celeſt, *heavenly*
Chalmer, *chamber*
Chaip, *eſchape*
Chafts, *the coops*
Chak, *to check*
Chat, *to hang on a gallows*
Cheil, *a perſon*
Cheir, *ſheer* item, *chear*
Chenzie, *Chain*
Chereis, *cheriſh*
Clam Shells, *ſcalop ſhells*
Clan, *a Tribe*
Clathes, *idle tales*
Claſh *to throw dirt*
Claith, *cloath*
Clais, *cloaths*
Clatter, *chatter*
Claw, *to ſcratch*
Cleft, *the cleaving*
Clene, *clean*
Clerk, *generally learned Man*
Clewis *or* Cleuchs,
Cleikit, *laid hold*
Cleith, *cloath*
Cleuch, *hollow bet*
Clipit, *called*
Clips, *Eclips*
Clokks, *Beetles*
Clod, *to throw.*
Cluds, *clouds*
Cluke, *to hook*
Clum *or* clam, *clim*
Cluves, *hoves*
Codroch, *miſerable*
Combure, to burn
Coſt, *bought*
Cou, *the Squirrel*
Comich, *comick*
Corbie, *a Raven*
Corinoch *a highland*
Cowhowby, *cowbo*
Cowd, *cut or clipp*
Courtas, *curteous*
Couth, *cold* item *f*
Covetice, *Covetouſ*
Cour, *to ſtoop and*
Crabit, *ſurly, angry*
Craig, *the neck*, ite
Craif, *crave*
Craw, *the crow*
Crap, *did creep*
Craik, *to croak*
Crawdon, *ſpin hea*
Creiſh, *greaſe*
Creils, *baſkets*
Crouſe, *briſk*
Cruif *a lodge*

ither and grow leſs
litle bit
ol
me
coyn
le
rſom traubleſom
, a raſcal
, kerchiefs or head-
u
ook
Crupper
lid caſt, item vomit
ancle, joint, item a

D A

, do
Daft, mad, fooliſh,
ry
ful, dear
r, wander careleſly
defeat
n, to quell
, daple
dawn, item a ſluggard
g, dawning
or Deif, to deafen
dead, it death, it, deed
deal, item devil
dynk, ſaucy, item, finely
ſt
, fine
, to deem
yng, condemning or dam-
g.
it, to divide
nt, painted
Noiſe, ſporting, Gam

Derch, a dwarf
Dern, Secret
Derth, dearth
Deſavit, deceived
Det, debt
Devalling, deſcending haſtily.
Dew, due
Dicht, to clean, item dreſſed decht.
Ding, to beat or overcome
Ding, worthy
Dirtin, beſhitten
Denzie, to deign
Docht, could availed
Dochter, daughter
Dois, does
Dok, arſe
Donk, moiſt
Doſs, neat regular
Up doſt, put in order.
Dow, to be able
Dow, dove
Dowbart, dull Fellow
Douchty, hardy, valiant
Dowf, heavy Fool item dull melancholy
Dour, ſullen hard
Dous, ſolid, grave
Draif, drave
Drait or Dret, ſhit.
Drawkit, wet
Drie to endure.
Dreich, tedious
Dreiry, lonſome and mournful
Dring, a miſer
Droich, a dwarf
Drone, to act lazily
Droukit drenched
Droup, to droop
Dryt, ſhite
Dwam, qualm

Duhs, *mire and little pools*
Duds, *rags*
Duils, *goals*
Dule, *pain*
Dume, *doom*
Dum, *dumb*
Dunt, *to beat hard*
Dung, *beaten*
Duris, *doors*
Dwalm, *to ſwoon or take a qualm*
Dyne *to dine*
Dynt, *ſtroak*
Dyvour, *a bankrupt*

E A

EARD, Eeird, *or* Erde, *earth*
Ee, *eye,*
Edert, *Edward*
Edder-ſtangit, *ſtung by an adder*
Egil, *the Eagle*
Eik, *to add,* item *alſo*
Eild, *age*
Eir, *ear* item *e'er*
Eiryneſs, *fear of ſpirits and goblins*
Eiſe, *eaſe*
Eit, *to eat*
Eith, *eaſy*
Eme, *uncle*
Empaſhed, *hindred*
Elbuck, *elbow*
Elritch, *ghaſtly, wild, loneſome*
Enameilit, *enameleit*
Enc, *eyes*
Enouch, *enough*
Enſenzie, *enſign*
Erſch, *iriſh*
Ettle, *to aim*
Eſperance, *hope*
Eſchapit, *eſcaped*
Everichone, *every one*
Eydently, *ſee* ithandly
Eyndle, *to be jealous*
Eynling, *jealouſy*

F A

FA, *fall*
Fac, *foe*
Falſet, *falſhood*
Faik, *a fold to quit*
Fair, *to go or paſt*
Fairdy *clever and tight*
Falzie *or* Felzie *to foil*
Fand, *found*
Fangs, *paws and claws*
Fang, *to graſp*
Fankle, *to entangle*
Faſh *or* Faſche, *to trouble*
Faſſoun, *faſhion*
Faw, *fall*
Faws, *gets*
Fauld *or* Fund, *fold*
Faut, *fauld*
Fay, *faith*
Fazart, *a daſtard*
Fecht, *fight*
Feckleſs, *without ſtrength*
Fedder, *a Father*
Fedderem, *wings*
Feid, *fund, hated,*
Feldom, *fatality.*
Feilty, *ſubjection*
eih, *ſenſe, item many*
Feir, *fear.*
Feir light

re, *companion*
d
ive
feign
wonder a wonder
rth
ce
destinated to death,
misfortune
end, the devil
ht
a herd of cattle
, hurry confusion
b
move
s, splinters
d sling
n arrow
a blaze of lightning
r spade spade for flay-
f.
es, Flae, to lie
to flatter
Fleme, to banish
flyte or chide
fright
remove,
, flutter like a bird
light, fear anxiety
hide
loor
oss
, abused
ten, tired and faint
ghting
to forsake
, opposite to
it, gave way
hin, worthless
, alone
, vagabond

Forzet, *to forget*, item *forgotten*
Foster, *a forrester*, item *nurse*
Fow, *full*, item *drunk*
Foumart, *a pole cat*
Fouth, *abundance*
Frae, *from*
Fragil, *weak, tender, frail*
Frank, *hast*
Frawart, *cross and ugly*
Freiks, *impertinent fools*
Freid, *freedom*
Fremit, *strange not a kin*
Freprie, *the ruffling or fold of cloath*
Fricht, *fright*
Fripon, *a knave*
Frist, *to trust or give credit*
Frusch, *easily broken*
Fu, *full*
Fude, *the tail*
Fude, *food*
Fuff, *to blow*
Fule, *fool*
Fund *found*
Furder, *to speed* item, *further*
Fure, *wait on*, item *fared*
Furthy, *free in behaviour*
Fute, *foot*
Futher, *or* fudder, *a great many*
Fyrefangt, *burnt*
Fylock, *a young mare*
Fyle, *defile*
Fyke, *to be restive*
Fyne, *fine*

G A

GAB, *the mouth*
Gad *or* Ged, *Goad*
Gædder, *gather*
Gae, *go*
Gaif, *gave*
Gains, *serves*
Gair, *greedy*
Gait, Gate, *Way method* item *goat.*
Gaillings, *gosslings*
Galziart *brisk, jolly, wanton*
Gama, *gums*
Gan, *began*
Gane, *gone,* item *serve*
Gane, *mouth*
Gang, *to go*
Gaunt, *to yawn*
Gar *to make or oblige*
Gardevyance, *a case of Instruments*
Garth, *a garden or inclosure*
Gaw, *gall*
Gawf, *a Laugh.*
Gawsy, *large and fat*
Geck, *mock, or cast up the head in derision*
Gein, *given*
Geir, *wealth*
Gemmer, *gender*
Gent, *gentile*
Genterice, *honourable Birth*
Gentileneſs, *clemency*
Genzie, *a dart or arrow.*
Gerſome, *a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Leaſe*
Get, *a child*
Ghaiſt, *Ghoſt*
Gie, *give*
Gif, gin, *if*
Gild, *clamour*
Gilr, *guilded*
Gimp, *ſee* Jimp
Gird, *to ſtrike*
Girn, *to grin,* item Snare,
Girth, *a ſanctuary*
Glamour, *the ſight*
Glaik, *to paſs time*
Glar, *Myre*
Glave, *a ſword*
Gle *or* Glie, *mirth*
Gled, *a kite*
Gleim, *ſmall flam*
Gleid, *ſmall ſpunk*
Glen *a hollow betwi tains*
Glengore *or* Gran French *pox*
Glore, *glory*
Glunſchoch, *four ſ*
Gloum, *to knit tog*
Glour, *to ſtare*
Gluves, *gloves*
Goldſpink, *the gold*
Golk *or* Gowk, *th*
Gliſt, *to gliſter*
Gowden, *golden*
Gowkit, *fooliſh*
Grape *to grope*
Graif, *the grave*
Grain, grane, *gro*
Grangis, *cornfields Granneries*
Graith, *to make utenſils, neceſſa*
Graithed, *attyr*

lid weep
to long for earnestly
weep, item *great*
green
gree
gers, *grass*
greit, *great*
uts half ground
to lay flat on ones belly
ground
, sharped
, a sow
, snout or nose
e pig
un, protection
expects time foolishy
lays.
guid, *good*
riches
gums
dish yellow
out, *red wos'd*
och, *the jaundice*
urlie
iant
ide
uider
r, court and enjoy
eat, pretty
gyis, *guise*

H A

ll
bitiklis, tabernacles
e
a kind of pudding
, *wholsome,*
e
Harnis, brains
iry, hoary gray

Hald, *hold*
Haly, *holy*
Hals, *to salute*
Hame, *home*
Handfell, *the first money that a merchant gets.*
Hankit, *held with ropes*
Hap, *hop*, item *chance*
Harle, *to drag*
Harnist, *harnished*
Harns, *see* Hairns
Harse *or* Hairs, *hoarse*
Having, *behaviour*
Hawkit, *white faced*
Hawtane, *haughty*
Heal, Heil, *health*
Hecht, *to promise, a promise*
Hecht, *named*
Heich, *heigh*
Heilit *or* heilded, *upheld*
Heir *here*, item *hear*
Heisit, *lifted up, hoised*
Herbry, *harbour*
Heryit, *spoiled, impoverished*
Hether, *heath*
Hevin, *heaven*
Heuch, *a rock, a steep hill.*
Hew, *hue*
Heynd, *quick clever*
Hie, *high*
Hicht, *height*
Hicher, *higher*
Hidlings, *hiding place*
Hint, *snatched*
Hinny, *honey*
Hir, *her*
Hird, *who watches the flocks of cattle*
Hirpland going like one lame.
Hitch, *to move*

Ho, *the Singular of hose*
Hobled, *cobled*
Hoist, *cough*,
Holk, *to dig*.
Holkit, *made hollow*
Holtis, *hills, high ground*
How, *hollow*
Howis --
Howdrand, *hiding*
Howk, *to dig*
Howlat, *an owl*
Howp, *hope*
Hude, *hood*
Hud-pyk *a churl*
Huly, *slow*
Hure, *whore*
Hurcheon, *hedge hog*
Hurklis, *goes bowed and decrepid*
Hynd, *streight*
Hyd, *to hide*
Hynt, *to take*.

J A

JAnglers, *contenders*
Jaip, *to jest or cheat*, item, *to heave and set*
Jap, *a dash of water*
Jely, *joly*
Jimp, *neat*
Jeil *or* Geil, *(Saint)* the Patron Saint of *Edinburg*
Jouk, *to bow*
Jyb, *to mock*
Ilk, *each*
Ilka, *every*
Infek, infect
Inlaik, to come short
Ilfard, illfavourd
Inding, unworthy
Ingle, a fire
Inglis, English
Ithandly, *busily without termission*

K A

KA, *to drive*
Kahute, *a little house*
Kail, *colewort or cabage*, its Broth.
Kaip *or* Kap, *cap or top*
Kaves, *calves*
Keist, *did cast*
Kemd, *combed*
Ken, *to know*
Kene, *kene*
Kend, *knew*
Kensy, *a rustick*
Kep, *to catch what moves toward one*
Kepar, *such a catcher*
Kinrick, *kingdom*
Kimmer, *a comer or see gossip*
Kinnen, *Rabits*
Kiltit, *tucked up*
Kirn, *churne*
Kirtle, *petycoat*
Kist, *chest*
Kittle, *difficult*, item *tickli*
Kinsch, *a loop*, to count hi
Kinsch, *to bit his part*
Knaif, *knave*
Knapska, *knapsack*
Knaw, *know*
Knicht, *knight*
Know, *hillock*
Kowschot *or* Cowschot, *ring-dove*
Kuke, *cook*
Ky, *kine*
Kyte, *belly*
Kyth, *to shew*

L A

zerit, *bemired*
Laich, *low*
load
lave, *the rest*
learning, item *a place in*
o want
themselves
o lap as a dog
, leasure
aced
loath
, lothsome.
nanners
rt, the country
an
, wearyness
lance
dart
leap
, wooden
, feeble, weak and
,
honesty. justice
, lowland
eal, honest
, lasses
ch or dr.
person, item lan-
e, item, *to live*
eam, *flame*
t lawful
, leis me, *it pleases*
s

Leir, *to learn*
Lemman, *courtezan or concubine.*
Lends, *Buttocks*
Lesum, *lawful*
Leuch, *did laugh*
Lever, *rather*
Leur, *rather*
Liar or Lyart, *hoary*
Licht, *light* item *merry*
Licharie, *lechery*
Lichtly, *undervalue*
Liekmadowps, *servile flatterers, that salute like dogs*
Lidder, *slow, lazy*
Lie, *corn lands untiled for some years*
Lie or le, *calm*
Lift, *the sky*
Ligg, *to ly*
Limm, *limb*
Limmer, *thief and whore*
Limp, *to halt*
Lin *a precepice where water falls*
Linkit, *went hastily*
Lippen, *depend*
Lipper, *leaprous*
Lisk, *groin or flank*
Loan, *where the cows are milked*
Lokar, *curled*
Loppin, *did leap*
Lore, *learning*
Low, *flame.*
Lown, *a whore or rogue*
Lounger, *hanging-headed*
Loun, *calm*
Lowp to leap
Lowpar, leaper
Lout, to bow low.
Lows, looje

Artilzie, *artillary*
Aſs, *aſk*
Aſſailziet, *aſſailed*
Attains, *at once*
Attempersit, *tempered*
Attowre, *out over*
Attercap, *a waſp*
Avalziet, *availed*
Aventure, *adventure*
Aver, *a horſe*
Averil, *ſenſeleſs fellow*
Aucht, *ought*, item *eight*.
Auld, *old*
Aw, *owe*
Awin, *own*
Awis, *ows*
Aureat, *golden*
Ayd, *aid*
Avyſe, *advice*
Aynd, *breath*

B A

BAID, bade, *did abide*
Band, *bound*
Banes *or* Bains, *bones*
Bair, *bare*
Bannocks, *Bread*
Bairn, Bern, *child, youth*
Baith, *both*
Bale, *or* Beal, *ſorrow*
Balmit, *embalmed*
Ban, *to curſe*
Bang, *to move haſtily*
Barbir, *barbarous*
Barbulziet, *to confuſe*
Barret, *a ſort of liquor*
Barrow Trams, *Staves of a Barrow*
Barm, *yeſt*
Barmy, *fermented and muddy*
Bauld, *bold*
Bawſy, *white fac'd*
Bedene, *immediately*
Befoir, beforn, *before*
Beft, *beaten*
Begouth, *begun*
Begylit, *beguiled*
Behald *behold*
Behoif, *behove*
Beil, *any ſhelter again inclemency of the w*
Belvye, *immediately*
Bellies, *bellows*
Beik, *to baſk or warm*
Beims, *beams*
Beir, *to bear* item *to m*
Beir, *barley*
Beit, *help*
Ben, *inner part of a ho*
Bene, *bean*
Bene, *been*
Bent, *the field*
Berkit, *barkened*
Beſeik, *beſeech*
Beſwakit, *blanched*,
Betwiſch, *betwixt*
Bewis, *boughs*
Bewtie, *beauty*
Bezond, *beyond*
Bigg, *build*
Biggit, *built*
Bikkerit, *contended*
Bink, *bench*
Bin, *been*
Biquour *or* Bicker *a la or diſh*
Birkin Bobyns, *a kind leaves*
Birs, briſtle
Birn to burn
Birniſk, burniſhed
Biſſilie, buſtlie

ſtrok, item, *a big*
if---
d
o mix
vet
ſtful
rw
'o bable
, *butter milk*
make the eyes red or
)ked
, *to ſtammer and ſpeik*
uſe
a ſmall fight item *to*
le
, *looked haſtily*
bloom.
blood
furniſhed
nd, *meſſage*
bought
arſh
o boaſt
vomit
beautiful item *little*
gs or Buiting, Boots
', item *without*
s. Rafters
the body. item *bulk*
a young bull, item *his*
t
ready to go
, *a ſport*, item *to ſport*
cous, *boiſterous*
er, *a Bolſter*
a fold of cattle
', *a ſword*
id, *the muſcels*
lit, *brand ſted*
brave
nd, *prauſing*

Bratle, *to claſh*
Braw, *brave, fine*
Brae, *ſide of a hill, Bank of a river*
Braid, *broad* item *to haſte, ariſe*
Braids *or* Brade, *is like, or takes after*
Brais *or* Brace, *Embrace*
Braſh, *bruſh*
Breiks, *breeches*
Bricht, *bright*
Brie, *eye brow*
Brilzean, *brillant*
Brim, *fierce*
Brocht, *brought*
Brod, *to prick or ſpur*
Brock, *the badger*
Browdin, *fond of*
Browſter, *brewer*
Brudie, *teeming, fertile*
Bruik *brook or enjoy*
Bruikit, *blackened*
Brukil, *brittle*
Brynt, *brunt*
Bud, *bryde*
Buke *or* Buik, *book*
Buith, *booth or ſhop*
Buith-meal, *ſhop rent*
Buiting, *booty*
Bundin, *bound*
Bun, *arſe*
Bure *did bear*
Burn *a brook*
Burde, *board*
Burdoun, *a palmers ſtaff*
Buſhment, *men laying in ambuſh*
Buſs, *a buſh*
Bute, *help, advantage*
But *and* bet, *without*
Byre, *cow houſe*

CA

CA *call*
Cabroch, *poor lean flesh*
Cadgers, *higlers*
Calit, *called*
Champion *champion*
Cankart, *angry*, item, *ulcerated*
Canny, *happy convenient*
Canty, *chearful*
Caprousy *an upper Garment*
Carline, *an old woman*
Carp, *to talk*
Carvel *a kind of ship*
Cast, *a throw*
Cative *or* Captif *Captive or Slave*
Cawd *called*
Cawf, *calf*
Cawk, *chalk*
Cawkit, *did flyte*
Cauld, *cold*
Ceis, *to cease*
Celcitude, *highness*
Celest, *heavenly*
Chalmer, *chamber*
Chaip, *eschape*
Chafts, *the chops*
Chak, *to check*
Chat, *to hang on a gallows*
Cheil, *a person*
Cheir, *cheer* item, *chear*
Chenzie, *Chain*
Chereis, *cherish*
Clam Shells, *scalop shells*
Clan, *a Tribe*
Clathes, *idle tales*
Clash *to throw dirt*
Claith, *cloath*
Clais, *cloaths*
Clatter, *chatter*
Claw, *to scratch*
Cleft, *the cleaving*
Clene, *clean*
Clerk, *generally used for a learned Man*
Clewis *or* Cleuchs, *clifts*
Cleikit, *laid hold on*
Cleith, *cloath*
Cleuch, *hollow betwixt hills*
Clipit, *called*
Clips, *Eclips*
Clokks, *Beetles*
Clod, *to throw.*
Cluds, *clouds*
Cluke, *to hook*
Clum *or* clam, *climbed*
Cluves, *hoves*
Codroch, *miserable and nasty*
Combure, *to burn*
Cost, *bought*
Con, *the Squirrel*
Comich, *comick*
Corbie, *a Raven*
Corinoch *a highland taxt*
Cowhowby, *cowherd*
Cowd, *cut or clipped*
Courtas, *curteous*
Couth, *cold* item *familiar*
Covetice, *Covetousness*
Cour, *to stoop and creep slow*
Crabit, *surly, angry*
Craig, *the neck*, item *a rock*
Craik, *crave*
Craw, *the crow*
Crap, *did creep*
Craik, *to croak*
Crawdon, *faint hearted*
Creish, *grease*
Creils, *baskets*
Crouse, *brisk and bold*
Cruik *a lodge*

wither and grow less
a litle bit
cool
ome
e coyn
asle
ersom traublesom
on, a rascal
es, kerchiefs or head-
en
cook
l, Crupper
did cast, item *vomit*
ancle, joint, item *a*
e

D A

E, do
Daft, *mad, foolish,*
rry
hful, dear
er, wander carelesly
, defeat
on, to quell
ll, daple
dawn, item *a sluggard*
ng, dawning
e or Deif, *to deafen*
, dead, it *death*, it, *deed*
deal, item *devil*
, dynk, saucy, item, *finely*
st
y, fine
e, to deem
yng, condemning or dam-
g.
irt, to divide
ynt, painted
Noise, sporting, Gam-
.

Derch, *a dwarf*
Dern, *Secret*
Derth, *dearth*
Desavit, *deceived*
Det, *debt*
Devalling, *descending hastily.*
Dew, *due*
Dicht, *to clean*, item *dressed deckt.*
Ding, *to beat or overcome*
Ding, *worthy*
Dirtin, *beshitten*
Denzie, *to deign*
Docht, *could availed*
Dochter, *daughter*
Dois, *does*
Dok, *arse*
Donk, *moist*
Doss, *neat regular*
Up dost, *put in order.*
Dow, *to be able*
Dow, *dove*
Dowbart, *dull Fellow*
Douchty, *hardy, valiant*
Dowf, *heavy Fool* item *dull melancholy*
Dour, *sullen hard*
Dous, *solid, grave*
Draif, *drave*
Drait *or* Dret, *shit.*
Drawkit, *wet*
Drie *to endure.*
Dreich, *tedious*
Dreiry, *lonsome and mournful*
Dring, *a miser*
Droich, *a dwarf*
Drone, *to act lazily*
Droukit drenched
Droup, *to droop*
Dryt, *shite*
Dwam, *qualm*

Duhs, *mire and little pools*
Duds, *rags*
Duils, *goals*
Dule, *pain*
Dume, *doom*
Dum, *dumb*
Dunt, *to beat hard*
Dung, *beaten*
Duris, *doors*
Dwalm, *to swoon or take a qualm*
Dyne *to dine*
Dynt, *stroak*
Dyvour, *a bankrupt*

E A

EARD, Eeird, *or* Erde, *earth*
Ee, *eye*,
Edert, *Edward*
Edder-stangit, *stung by an adder*
Egil, *the Eagle*
Eik, *to add*, item *also*
Eild, *age*
Eir, *ear* item *e'er*
Eiryness, *fear of spirits and goblins*
Eise, *ease*.
Eit, *to eat*
Eith, *easy*
Eme, *uncle*
Empashed, *hindred*
Elbuck, *elbow*
Elritch, *ghostly, wild, lonesome*
Enameilit, *enameleit*
Ene, *eyes*
Enuch, *enough*
Ensenzie, *ensign*
Ersch, *irish*
Ettle, *to aim*
Esperance, *hope*
Eschapit, *escaped*
Everichone, *every one*
Eydently, *see* ithandly
Eyndle, *to be jealous*
Eynling, *jealousy*

F A

FA, *fall*
Fac, *foe*
Falset, *falshood*
Faik, *a fold to quit*
Fair, *to go or past*
Fairdy *clever and tight*
Falzie *or* Felzie *to fail*
Fand, *fund*
Fangs, *paws and claws*
Fang, *to grasp*
Fankle, *to entangle*
Fash *or* Fasche, *to trouble*
Fassoun, *fashion*
Faw, *fall*
Faws, *gets*
Fauld *or* Fund, *fold*
Faut, *fauld*
Fay, *faith*
Fazart, *a dastard*
Fecht, *fight*
Feckless, *without strength*
Fedder, *a Father*
Fedderem, *wings*
Feid, *faud, hatred*,
Feidom, *fatality*.
Feilty, *subjection*
eil, *sense*, item *many*
Feir, *fear*,
Feir *tight*

companion

ign
nder a wonder

linated to death,
isfortune
, the devil

herd of cattle
urry confuſion

ve
plinters
ing
row
blaze of lightning
pade ſpade for play-

Flae, to lie
flatter
eme, to baniſh
te or chide
ht
ove,
tter like a bird
t, fear anxiety

buſed
, tired and faint
ting
forſake
poſite to
ave way
, worthleſs
ne
egobond

Forzet, to forget, item forgotten
Folter, a forreſter, item nurſe
Fow, full, item drunk
Foumart, a pole cat
Fouth, abundance
Frae, from
Fragil, weak, tender, frail
Frank, haſt
Frawart, croſs and ugly
Freiks, impertinent fools
Freid, freedom
Fremit, ſtrange not akin
Freprie, the ruffling or fold of cloath
Fricht, fright
Fripon, a knave
Friſh, to truſt or give credit
Fruſch, eaſily broken
Fu, full
Fude, the tail
Fude, food
Fuff, to blow
Fule, fool
Fund found
Furder, to ſpeed item, further
Fure, wait on, item fared
Furthy, free in behaviour
Fute, foot
Futher, or fudder, a great many
Fyrefangt, burnt
Fylock, a young mare
Fyle, defile
Fyke, to be reſtive
Fyne, fine

G A

GAB, *the mouth*
Gad *or* Ged, *Good*
Gædder, *gather*
Gae, *go*
Gaif, *gave*
Gains, *serves*
Gair, *greedy*
Gait, Gate, *Way method* Item *goat.*
Gaislings, *goslings*
Galziart *brisk, jolly, wanton*
Gams, *gums*
Gan, *began*
Gane, *gone,* item *serve*
Gane, *mouth*
Gang, *to go*
Gaunt, *to yawn*
Gar *to make or oblige*
Gardevyance, *a case of Instruments*
Garth, *a garden or inclosure*
Gaw, *gall*
Gawf, *a Laugh.*
Gawsy, *large and fat*
Geck, *mock, or cast up the head in derision*
Gein, *given*
Geir, *wealth*
Gemmer, *gender*
Gent, *gentile*
Genterice, *honourable Birth*
Gentileness, *clemency*
Genzie, *a dart or arrow.*
Gerlome, *a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Lease*
Get, *a child*
Ghaist, *Ghost*
Gie, *give*
Gif, gin, *if*
Gild, *clamour*
Gilt, *guilded*
Gimp, *see* Jimp
Gird, *to strike*
Girn, *to grin,* item *a trap* Snare.
Girth, *a sanctuary*
Glamour, *the sight deceived*
Glaik, *to pass time idly*
Glar, *Myre*
Glave, *a sword.*
Gle *or* Glie, *mirth*
Gled, *a kite*
Gleim, *small Game*
Gleid, *small spunk of fire*
Glen *a hollow betwixt mountains*
Glengore *or* Grandgore, French *pox*
Glore, *glory*
Glunschoch, *sour fellow*
Gloum, *to knit the eye brow*
Glour, *to stare*
Gloves, *gloves*
Goldspink, *the goldfinch*
Golk *or* Gowk, *the cuckow*
Glift, *to glister*
Gowden, *golden*
Gowkit, *foolish*
Grape *to grope*
Graif, *the grave* item
Grain, grane, *groan*
Grangis, *cornfields, barns Granneries*
Graith, *to make ready, utensils, necessary things*
Graithed, *attyred, made*

Grat, *did weep*
Grein, *to long for earnestly*
Greit, *weep*, item *great*
Grene, *green*
Grei, *degree*
Gres *or* gers, *grass*
Grit or greit, *great*
Grots, *oats half ground*
Growf, *to lay flat on ones belly*
Grund, *ground*
Grundin, *sharped*
Gruntill, *a sow*
Grunzie, *snout or nose*
Gryce, *a pig*
Gwairdoun, *protection*
Guiks, *expects time foolishy and delays.*
Gude *or* guid, *good*
Gudes, *riches*
Guims, *gums*
Gule, *rediss yellow*
Gule Snout, *red nos'd*
Guleschoch, *the jaundice*
Gurlie, *surlie*
Gyant, *giant*
Gyde, *guide*
Gydar, *guider*
Gymmer, *court and enjoy*
Gymp, *neat, pretty*
Gyse *or* gyis, *guise*

H A

HA, *hall*
Habitiklis, *tabernacles*
Hae, *have*
Haggies, *a kind of pudding*
Haillsum, wholsome,
Haif, *have*
Hairns, *or* Harnis, *brains*
Hair *or* hairy, *hoary grey*
Hald, *hold*
Haly, *holy*
Hals, *to salute*
Hame, *home*
Handfell, *the first money that a merchant gets*
Hankit, *held with ropes*
Hap, *hop*, item *chance*
Harle, *to drag*
Harnist, *harnished*
Harns, *see* Hairns
Harse *or* Hairs, *hoarse*
Having, *behaviour*
Hawkit, *white faced*
Hawtane, *haughty*
Heal, Heil, *health*
Hecht, *to promise, a promise*
Hecht, *named*
Heich, *heigh*
Heilit *or* heilded, *upheld*
Heir *here*, item *hear*
Heisit, *lifted up, hoised*
Herbry, *harbour*
Heryit, *spoiled, impoverished*
Hether, *heath*
Hevin, *heaven*
Heuch, *a rock, a steep hill,*
Hew, *hue*
Heynd, *quick clever*
Hie, *high*
Hicht, *height*
Hicher, *higher*
Hidlings, *hiding place*
Hint, *snatched*
Hinny, *honey*
Hir, *her*
Hird, *who watches the flocks of cattle*
Hirpland going like one lame.
Hitch, *to move*

Ho. *the Singular of hose*
Hobled, *cobled*
Hoist, *cough*,
Holk, *to dig*,
Holkit, *made hollow*
Holtis, *hills, high ground*
How, *hollow*
Howis --
Howdrand, *hiding*
Howk, *to dig*
Howlat, *an owl*
Howp, *hope*
Hude, *hood*
Hud-pyk *a churl*
Huly, *slow*
Hure, *whore*
Hurcheon, *hedge hog*
Hurklis, *goes bowed and decrepid*
Hynd, *straight*
Hyd, *to hide*
Hynt, *to take.*

J A

Janglers, *contenders*
Jaip, *to jest or cheat*,
item, *to heave and set*
Jap, *a dash of water*
Jely, *joly*
Jimp, *neat*
Jeil *or* Geil, *(Saint)* the Patron Saint of *Edinburg*
Jouk, *to bow*
Jyb, *to mock*
Ilk, *each*
Ilka, *every*
Infek, infect
Inlaik, to come short
Ilfard, illfavourd
Inding, unworthy
Ingle, a fire
Inglis, *English*
Ithandly, *busily termission*

K A

KA, *to drive*
Kahute, *a li*
Kail, *colewort or* Broth.
Kaip *or* Kap, *cup*
Kaves, *calves*
Keist, *did cast*
Kemd, *combed*
Ken, *to know*
Kene, *kene*
Kend, *knew*
Kensy, *a rustick*
Kep, *to catch wh* *ward one*
Kepar, *such a ca*
Kinrick, *kingdom*
Kimmer, *a comet* *sip*
Kinnen, *Rabits*
Kiltit, *tucked up*
Kirn, *churne*
Kirtle, *petycoat*
Kist, *cheist*
Kittle, *difficult*,
Kinsch, *a loop*,
Kinsch, *to hit*
Knaif, *knave*
Knapska, *knapsack*
Knaw, *know*
Knicht, *knight*
Know, *hillock*
Kowschot *or* Co *ring-dove*
Kuke, *cook*
Ky, *kine*
Kyte, *belly*
Kyth, *to shew*

L A

erit, *bemired*
aich, *low*
load
lave, *the rest*
learning, item *a place*
in
o want
themselves
to lap as a dog
e, *leasure*
laced
loath
y, *lothsome.*
manners
art, *the country*
loan
ut, *wearyness*
a lance
to dart
did leap
ur, *wooden*
nd, *feeble, weak and*
ed.
low
ie, *honesty. justice*
and, *lowland*
r leal, *honest*
hes, *lashes*
, *leech or dr.*
a person, item *lan-*
ge
leave, item, *to live*
or leam, *flame*
honest lawful
loves, leis me, *it pleases*
gs, *lies*
le ast

Leir, *to learn*
Lemman, *courtezan or concubine.*
Lends, *Buttocks*
Lesum, *lawful*
Leuch, *did laugh*
Lever, *rather*
Leur, *rather*
Liar or Lyart, *hoary*
Licht, *light* item *merry*
Lichatie, *lechery*
Lichtly, *undervalue*
Lickmadowps, *servile flatterers, that salute like dogs*
Lidder, *slow, lazy*
Lie, *corn lands untiled for some years*
Lie or le, *calm*
Lift, *the sky*
Ligg, *to ly*
Limm, *limb*
Limmer, *thief and whore*
Limp, *to halt*
Lin *a precepice where water falls*
Linkit, *went hastily*
Lippen, *depend*
Lipper, *leaprous*
Lisk, *groin or flank*
Loan, *where the cows are milked*
Lokar, *curled*
Loppin, *did leap*
Lore, *learning*
Low, *flame.*
Lown, *a whore or rogue*
Lounger, *hanging-headed*
Loun, *calm*
Lowp to *leap*
Lowpar, leaper
Lout, to bow low,
Lows, loose

Lude, *loved*
Lufe, *love*, item *the palm of the hand*
Lufray, *gifts*
Luggs, *ears*
Luggit, *to draw by the ears*
Luid, *loved*
Luims, *looms*
Luviar, *lover*
Luk *or* Luck, *fortune*
Luke *or* Luik, *look*
Lukit *or* lucken *cloſed together*
Lum, *chimney*
Lundge, *to hang downward*
Lunzie, *loyne*
Lute, *did let*
Lurdane, *blockhead, or lazy fellow*
Luſchbald, *a ſluggard*
Lyfe, *life*
Lyke, *like*
Lyking, *beloved*
Lymmer *a whore and knave*
Lyre, *the complexion*
Lyth *a joynt.*
Lytit, *dyed litted*

M A

MAE, *moe*
Maheun; *the devil*
Maid, *made*
Mak, *make*
Makkars, *Poets*
Maleſon, *malediction*
Maik *mate or match*
Mailpayers, *farmers*
Main *or* mane, *to moan*
Maiſt, *moſt*
Mair, *more*
Man, *muſt*
Mait, *mate*
Mandrag, *mandrake*
Mangit, *bruiſed maimed*
Mankit, *wanting*
Mant, *to ſtammer*
Mantil, *mantle*
Marrow, *fellow or mate*
Mauchs, *maggots*
Maun, *muſt*
Mavis, *a thruſh*
Mekle *or meikle, much*
Mell, *to meddle or contend*
Melliſluat, *ſweet flowing*
Melteth, *a meal of meat*
Meid *or* mede, *mood* item *reward*
Meil, *meal.*
Mein *or* mene *mean*
Meis, *to ſtill or mitigate*
Meiths, *bounds, limits marks*
Mends, *amends*
Menzie, *company or continue*
Menſweir, *ſwear againſt*
Menſworn, *perjured*
Merkand, *marking*
Merle, *the merlin, a bird*
Meſſen, *a lap dog*
Mete, *to meaſure*
Micht, *might*
Midding, *dunghill*
Mikane, *alone*
Minglit, *mingled*
Mint, *to attempt, to aim*
Minny *mother*
Minſtrell, *muſician*
Mirk, *or* Merk, *dark*
Miſken, *to miſknow,* item *forbear*
Miſmade, *deformed*
Miſter, *to need*

o mock
the ground
many
r, murder
ay
mouth
mouthed.
jest
dung
mood
moon
mure a heath
ng, muttering,
iest murdered
n, to make signs or
te.
r muse, move
r Mys, mice
mind
mine
to offer or attempt
n, mignon
, a mite

N A

nae, no
ns, nanes, the Pur
g, nothing
one
ear
ever
he nose
ext
nieve, fist
term, at chess, when
King cannot be guarded
a check
a stroak with the
ght

Niggarts, niggards
Nocht, nought, frequently for not.
Noit, Stroak on the head
Nold, would not
None, or Nune, noon
Noy, annoy
Noyis, noise
Nowther, neither
Nuik or Nuke, nook, corner
Nurisar, nurishing
Nurture, education, item correction
Nybill, to pike
Nys, nice

O B

OBlist, obliged
Ocht, ought or aught
Odivill, hateful
Ockerar, an usurer
Oist, host
Ony, any
Opinzion, opinion
Or, before
Orisons, prayers
Ot, of it
Owre, over
Owrefrett, overspread, imbellished
Owrequhelm, overwhelm &c. all the other owres.
Owk, week
Owther, either
Owsen, oxen
Oxter, arm pit
Oys, grandchildren.

P A

Paddock *a frog*
Paddock-rude, *spawn of frogs*
Padzian, *Pageant*
Paiks, *chastisement*
Pais, *pasch, Ester*
Paitlait, *an under coat*
Paip, *the Pope*
Pallions, *Pavilions*
Palat, *skin*
Pang, *to stuff*
Panie, *pause*
Pare, *to empair*
Pauchty, *haughty*
Pawps, *paps or breasts*
Payntit, *painted*
Pech, *to breath short*
Peild, *stript*
Peir, *an equal*
Peis, *peas*
Pelour *a piligarlick.*
Pennair, *a pencase*
Pens, *plumes*
Perfay, *in faith*
Pers, *pierce*
Persave, *perceive*
Persew, *pursue*
Pet, *a favourite*, to take the *Pet, to be peevish*
Pingle, *to strive or labour with difficulty.*
Pik *pitch*
Pisch, *to piss*
Pith, *strength*
Plaid, a loose upper garment
Plait fold
Plaint, complaint
Plack, third part of a penny
Pleids, contentions
Plein, *complain*
Pleuzie, *complain*
Pleis, *please*
Plesans, *pleasure*
Plet, *to twist, twisted*
Pleuch, *plow*
Pley, *contest or squable*
Plight, *plighted*
Polk, *pok, or little sack*
Posody, *a sort of* highland *broth*
Pow, *to pull*
Pow, *poll or head*
Poutch, *pocket*
Powter, *to prog*
Practick, *practice*
Preif *or* preive, *prove, try, or taste*
Preincod, *pincushion*
Preiving, *trying*
Preise, *press*
Prent, *print or impression*
Prevene, *to prevent*
Propyne, *a present*
Prydless, *humble*
Prysis, *prizes*
Puncis, *pulses*
Punde, *to sequester*
Pulchritude, *beauty*
Pure *or* puir, *poor* item *pur*
Puirtith, *poverty*
Purflit, *ruffled*
Purse-pyk, *pick-purse*
Pusiance, *power*
Pyne, *pain*

Q U

Quantance, *acquaintance*
Quat, *Eid quite quit*
Quay, *young cow*

er
n
ll
ile
ose
ere
it
, *what the matter*
vhelp
heels
eat
en
part
ich
vhither
p
nife
ile and thin
irl
se
hom
, *sometime ago*
y
hile, item *untill*
hite
th, *said*

R A

e
· Red, *feared*
r reckless, *to act*
or rash
did rive
cle
o a quick pace.
pe
ar

foolish scold

Rak, *fog, or mist*
Ramand, *crying*
Rasch, *rash*
Ratches, *hounds*
Raw, *row*
Rawmoud, *beardless, simple*
Raucht, *reacht*
Rax, *stretch*
Rebald, *a talker of nonsense or rebaldry*
Red *or* reid, *to wish*, item *fear.*
Redour, *fright*
Rehatour, *a malicious enemy*
Reid, *red*, item *to read*
Reik, *smoak* item *to reach*
Reikit, *rigged*, item *smoked*
Reird, *noise*
Reist, *to dry in a chimney*
Reive *or* reve, *to rob*
Rever *a rober*
Renzie, *the rein of a bridle*
Reprieve, *reprove*
Resave, *receive*
Resone *or* Resoun, *reason*
Revers, *robbers*
Revers, *the rovers at which the archers shoot*
Rewth, *pity*
Rewme, *realme*
Rewyme, *ruine*
Rew, *to take pity*, item *to repent*
Richt, *right*
Richt now *lately*
Rift *to belch*
Rigg, *the back*, item a ridge
Rilling, *a shoe made of rough untan'd leather*

Rink, *a course*
Ring, *to reign*
Rispies, *bulrushes*
Roches, *rocks*
Roir, *to roar*
Rok, *a distaff*, item *to roll or move from one side to the other*
Rone, *Bramble or briar*
Row, *a roll to roll*
Rowth, *abundance*
Rowpand, *crying-hoarse*
Rowms, *rooms*,
Rowmis *to make a noise*
Roun, *whisper*
Roung, *or* rung *a cloun's staff*
Rowt, *to bellow or low like a bull.*
Royis, *raves*
Ruch, *rough*
Rude, *redness*
Rede, *a cross*
Rug, *to pull with force*
Rukes, *crows*
Rukis, *ricks*
Rundge, *to range and gather*
Rumple, *a rump*
Rute, *root*
Ruse *or* ruise, *to commend, praise, extoll*
Ruther, *the rudder*,
Ryall, *royall*
Ryfe *or* Rife, *common*
Rynk, *rank*
Rys *or* Ryce, *dwarf bushes of wood*
Ryse, *rise*
Ryve, *to tear and spleet*

S A

SA. sae, *so*
Saft, *soft*
Saif, *save*
Saikless, *innocent*
Sain *or* sane, *to bless*
Sair, *sore*
Sane, *say*
Sall, *shall*
Sald, *sold*
Sang, *song*
Sans, *without*
Sar, *savour*
Sargeand, *serjeant*
Sark, *shirt*
Sary, *sorry*
Saw, *old saying or prop*
Saw, *word or promise*
Sauch, *a willow*
Saucht, *at ease, in pea*
Saul, *soul*
Sauld, *see sald*
Sawrs, *savours smells*

N.B. the *c* here betwe *s* and *h*, tho' it is used now, yet it wa dom neglected by c Gentlemen; therefo hard Word that l with only *sh*, look in *sch*
Scant, *scarce*
Schaip, *to fit*
Schairp, *sharp*
Schaw, *shew*
Schaws, little woods
Sched, separate

hepherd's coat
ſhinning
troubled, confounded,
, ruined
ſheep
unbuked, item a
, Meal before it is
blaſted little crea-
dangled
ſhe will, or ſhe'll
ſhake
threat
t
brews
book
o'ſhiver.
oes
hool
nade ready, intended
ld ſheer
:ant
look grim, by letting
brows
ineſs, proſperity
omely
:re, ſeveral
:ldom
ince that time
nority
nior
ſon
t, to deſerve

Sets *becomes*
Seuch, *a furrow or ditch*
Sey, *to try*
Scaldit, *burnt*
Scart, *hermaphradite*
Scowrie *or* ſkowrie, *meagre*
Scunder, *a qualm to loath*
Sib, *a kin*
Sic *or* Sik, *ſuch*
Sich, *ſigh*
Sicht, *ſight*
Sicker, *ſure*
Siller, *ſilver*
Sindle, *ſeldom*
Single, *a handful of gleaned corns*
Skail, *to ſcatter*
Skairs *or* Skers, *ſcarce*
Skaith, *loſs, harm*
Skapit, *eſcaped*
Scant, *ſcarce*
Skap, *ſcalp*
Skar, *ſcar*
Skelf, *ſhelf*
Sklander *ſcandal*
Skleuder, *Slender*
Sklent, *to go aſide, to lie*
Skonce *to cover, a cover*
Sko'dirt, *parched*
Skorn, *ſcorn*
Skotch, *ſkittiſh*
Skoul, *hang or knit the brows*
Skink, *to fill drink*, item *ſtrong broth*
Skirl, *to cry*
Skrows, *ſcrolls*
Skrudging *or* Skurging; *ſcourging.*
Skurfe, *ſcurfe*
Skraip, *ſcrape*
Skryk, to ſcreech

Skugry, *in hidlings*
Skulls, *hand baſkets*
Skum, *ſkim*
Skyth, *loſs hurt*
Sla, *ſlay*
Slae *ſloe*
Slaif, *ſlave*
Slait, *did ſlit or cut*
Slak, *an opening between hills*
Slaw, *ſlow*
Sleik, *ſmooth*
Sleuth, *cunning*
Slicht, *ſlight*
Slic, *ſlouth*
Slokin, *to quench*
Slogan *or* Ilughorn, *a watch-word, peculiar to a certain name or ſet of people uſed to know their friends from enemies.*
Slouch, *a huſk*
Smeik, *a ſilly pityfull fellow*
Smeir, *beſmear*
Smidy, *ſmiths work-houſe*
Smit, *to infect*
Smot, *a ſpot as of greaſe on cloaths*
Smorit, *ſmothered*
Smuke, *ſmoak*
Smyt, *a ſmall ſpot*
Smyle, *to ſmile*
Snack, *clever*
Sneiſt, *to ſpeak tartly*
Sneir, *to ſnore*
Snell, *ſharp*
Snift, *to ſhew diſpleaſure by diſdainful looks*
Snude, *a womans headband for binding back the hair*
Soir, *ſore*
Solace, *recreation*
Soliſt, *to ſolicite*
Sonce *or* Sonſs, *luck happineſs*
Sonk, *a wreath of ſtraw uſed as a cuſhion, or a load ſadle*
Sonziet, *made excuſe*
Scranand, *to go about begging*
Sould, *ſhould*
Soverane, *ſovereign*
Soup, *ſweep*
Sound, *ſmooth*
Spae, *to prophecy*
Spane, *wane from ſuck*
Spate *or* Spait, *land flood or torrent*
Spang, *to leap*
Spavie, *ſtiffneſs in the hamt, a horſe diſeaſe*
Spaul, ſpald, *the ſhoulder*
Speik, *to ſpeak*
Speil, *to climb*
Speir, *to aſk*, item *a ſpear*
Spence, *the buttery*
Spenzie, *ſpain*
Spill, *to ſpoil*
Spirling, *a very ſmall fiſh*
Sound, *ſmooth*
Spowt, *a guſh*
Sproy, *ſprigs buſhes*
Spring, *a tune*
Spulzie, *ſpoil*, item *to ſpoil*
Sprent, *a ſpring, to ſpring as a clock*
Spule, *a weaver's ſhuttle*
Squell *ſqueek*
Spank, *a ſpark of fire*
Spynand, *ſpinning*
Stane, *ſtone*
Stang, *ſting*
Stakis, *pile of corn*
Stall, *ſtole*
Stalwart, *robuſt*
Stakkar dagger,
Stark, *ſtrong*

steep

t

tryde

ice
g, a pole
ll calf
item *a Note in*

in motion
of battle
or pillar
horse
g
rike
prinkle
in, item *kindred*
ge and strong
rdy beggars

's anvil
, and strong
ion
l sight
efice
ay or hold

ar
h, truth

soon
ured
l beer or dreg
lver young fellows

soil, item, soil,

ose

Sute, *soot*
Suth, *truth*
Swaird, *the grasy surface the ground*
Swat, *did sweat*
Swankie, *souple youngster*
Sweir, *lazy*, item, *to swear*
Sweirness, *lasiness*
Swith, *hast, hastylie*
Swom *swim*
Soun, *faint*
Swynygeor, *a toll wencher* item, *a scoundrel*
Swyth, *or* swith, *soon*
Syis, *times*
Syke, *a water ditch*
Symmer, *summer*
Syne, *afterward, then*
Syre, *sire, father*
Syte, *sorrow*

T A

TAE, *toe*
Tais, *toes*
Tacht, *taught*
Tallon, *to tallow or grease*
Tald, *or* Tauld, *told*
Taid, *toad*
Talzior, *taylor*
Targats, *clasps or buckles*
Targe, a *shield*
Tarrow, *to refuse*
Tauch, *tallow*
Tawsy, *little cup*
Taz, a *scourge or little whip*
Tedder, *a rope or band for horses*
Telzie, a cut of beef
Tene, anger
Tent, to notice

Thae, *those*
Thair, *their, there*
Thairin, *within*
Thairout, *without*
Thay, *those*
Thie, *thigh*
Thir, *these*
Thocht, *thought, tho't*
Thole, *to suffer*
Thrawart, *or* trawart, *cross*
Thrawis, *throws*
Thrawin, *cross*, Thrawn vult *ill natured countenance*
Threfe, *in corn, twenty four sheaves; applied to other things it means a great deal.*
Thring, *to wring or throng*
Throple, *the wind pipe*
Thyne, *thine*, item *thence*
Thud, *the noise rather Stronger than sharp that things make that come on other with force and quickness*
Ticht, *handsome, tight*
Tig, *to sport with gentle touches, paling and the like*
Tinsell, *lose*
Tint, *lost*
Tirl, *to give a small sharp stroke*, item *to uncover*
Tirly mirly, *a whirlygig*
Tittar, *rather*
Tod, *a fox*
Todder, *the other*
Toits *or* toyts, *freeks*
Tolbuith, *a prison*
Towdy, *the arse*
Towris, *towres*
Towmond, *twelve months*
Trantals, *nignays*
Trattles, *silly tales*
Traikit, *dragled*
Trayn, *train or lead*
Treachour *or* Treichor *treacherous*
Trete or treit *treat*
Tretie *intreating*
Trew *true*
Trig, *neat*
Trow, *believe*
Truncheon *head or piece of a spear*
Trumpours, *deceivers*
Tryme, *handsome*
Trymbill, *tremble*
Tryst, *an appointment*
Tung, *tongue*
Tuke, *took*
Tume, *empty*, item, *to empt*
Twa *or* twae, *two*
Twich, *touch*
Twyne, *to twine*
Tyde, *tide*
Tyke *a dog*
Tymmer, *timber*
Tyne, *or* tene, *loss*
Tyne, tein *or* tene *anger*
Tynt, *lost*
Tyte, *Strieght soon, quickly*

W A

WA, *wall*
Wad *or* Wed, *wager*
Wae, *woe*
Waefo, *woeful*
Wag, *shake*
Wait, *lonly, alone*
Wait, *wave*
Wait *or* ware *to believe*

t, item *wait*
ıdred or *strayed*
little *enclined to*
choice *to choise*
'd
galop
withered
ly, *great jewell*
a pityful crea-
be most worthless
er
ıb
tem *went*
ll *nursed*
worthless
in, *house*
nus. *gamesters*
easy
ır *dian*
ward
tch
e
,*to know*
l *a wave*
ortgage
sed.
ıe
em *to wet*
, *to think or sup-*
ay
usly
or woped
, *a person*
w

Widdert, *withered*
Widdy *or* wody, *the gallows*
Wie, *little*
Widdyfow, *gallows fac'd*
Widdill, *an uneasy restless motion*
Will, *wild*
Wilsom, *wild* (*ward*
Wimple, *to fold back and fore-*
Winning, *dwelling*
Winnocks, *windows*
Wirdy, *or* wordy, *worthy.*
Wirk, *to work*
Wirry, *to wory*
Wist, *to know*
Wod, *a wood*
Won, *to dwell*
Wond, *dwelt*
Wont, *thought or supposed*
Wowit, *courted*
Wrak, *wreck*
Wowf, *wolf*
Wow, *a note of wonders*
Wraik *to vex*
Wraith, *the waste*
Wrait, *wrote*
Wrang, *wrong*
Wrocht, *wrought*
Wympler, *a curle or wave*
Wylie, *cunning*
Wyfe, *wife*
Wyfis, *wives*
Wyt, *to blame, the cause or blame*
Wys, *wise*
Wysp, *a handful of straw, or the like*

Valziant, *valiant*
Vanise, *vanish*
Udder, other
Velziet, *availed*

Venomit, *envenomed*
Vertew, *virtue*
Ug, *to loath*
Ugſome, *loathſome*
Vilfy, *to take a view of*
Ulie, *oyl*
Undochr, *one that can do nothing.*
Unfulziet, *undefiled*
Ungeird, *unarmed*
Unquit, *uncleared or unpaid*
Unſicker *unſure*
Unzeon, *union*
Vyce, *vice*
Vyle, *vile*

Y

YCE, *ice*
Ydle, *idle*
Yle, *iſle*
Ynd *India*
Yre, *ire*
Yreland, *Ireland*
Yron, *iron*

Z A

ZAip *or* zap, *ſharp ſet*
h ungry
Zamer, *to make a grumbling like a child*
Ze, *ye*, item *yea*
Zell, *ye'll*
Zellow, *yellow*
Zeid, *went*
Zeil, *ye will*
Zeild, *yield*
Zeir, *year*
Zelp, *yelp cry like a dog*
Zemen, *yeamen*
Zeſtrene, *yeſternight*
Zet, *yet or gate*
Zing, *young*
Zit, *or zet, yet*
Ziſterday, *yeſterday*
Zolden, *holden*
Zoke, *yoak*
Zonkers, *youngſters*
Zon, *yon*
Zoul, *houl*
Zouth, *youth*
Zouthheid, *youth head*
Zule *Chriſtmas*
Zung, *young*
Zyrne, *to earn or cruddle of new cheeſe*

N. B. Some old *Scots* Words not explained in this gloſſary, through inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and ſome few, for which we can plead a better excuſe, ſhall be annexed, with ſuch in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which volume is to be publiſhed in a ſhort time conſiſting chiefly of Satyres and interludes, wrote by *Sir David Lindſay* of the Mount, Lyon King at Arms and acted on the *Play Green* between Leith and Edinburgh, with ſeveral other Pieces never before printed.

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